

Short Poetic Dream 20210104015630671360

Texts Used: The Iliad by Homer

This text was remixed using a “Dream Filter”, or a Python-coded text processor, by [Thomas Park](#). The purpose is, rather than rendering a narrative, emulating a dream.

The gates unfolding pour forth all their train, Nations on nations fill the dusky plain, Men, steeds, and chariots, shake the trembling ground: The tumult thickens, and the skies resound.

Antilochus, more humorous than the rest, Takes the last prize, and takes it with a jest: "Why with our wiser elders should we strive?

A generous friendship no cold medium knows, Burns with one love, with one resentment glows; One should our interests and our passions be; My friend must hate the man that injures me.

Amid the ranks, with mutual thirst of fame, Lycon the brave, and fierce Peneleus came; In vain their javelins at each other flew, Now, met in arms, their eager swords they drew.

The vigorous power the trembling car ascends: Shook by her arm, the massy javelin bends: Huge, ponderous, strong!

Through every Argive heart new transport ran; All Troy stood trembling at the mighty man: Even Hector paused; and with new doubt oppress'd, Felt his great heart suspended in his breast: 'Twas vain to seek retreat, and vain to fear; Himself had challenged, and the foe drew near. Else should this hand, this hour decide the strife, The great dispute, of glory, or of life." He spoke, and all, as with one soul, obey'd; Their lifted bucklers cast a dreadful shade Around the chief.

Meanwhile, convened at Priam's palace-gate, The Trojan peers in nightly council sate; A senate void of order, as of choice: Their hearts were fearful, and confused their voice. Against the trembling wood The wretch stood propp'd, and quiver'd as he stood; A sudden palsy seized his turning head; His loose teeth chatter'd, and his colour fled; The panting warriors seize him as he stands, And with unmanly tears his life demands. O might a parent's careful wish prevail, Far, far from Ilion should thy vessels sail, And thou, from camps remote, the danger shun Which now, alas!

Then from my fury fled the trembling swains, And ours was all the plunder of the plains: Fifty white flocks, full fifty herds of swine, As many goats, as many lowing kine: And thrice the number of unrivall'd steeds, All teeming females, and of generous breeds.

The foe thrice tugg'd, and shook the rooted wood; Repulsive of his might the weapon stood: The fourth, he tries to break the spear in vain; Bent as he stands, he tumbles to the plain; His belly open'd with a ghastly wound, The reeking entrails pour upon the ground.

What couldst thou hope, should these thy treasures view; These, who with endless hate thy race pursue?

The gates unfolding pour forth all their train; Squadrons on squadrons cloud the dusky plain: Men, steeds, and chariots shake the trembling ground, The tumult thickens, and the skies resound; And now with shouts the shocking armies closed, To lances lances, shields to shields opposed, Host against host with shadowy legends drew, The sounding darts in iron tempests

flew; Victors and vanquish'd join promiscuous cries, Triumphant shouts and dying groans arise; With streaming blood the slippery fields are dyed, And slaughter'd heroes swell the dreadful tide. A generous friendship no cold medium knows, Burns with one love, with one resentment glows; One should our interests and our passions be; My friend must hate the man that injures me.

This ready arm, unthinking, shakes the dart; The blood pours back, and fortifies my heart: Singly, methinks, yon towering chief I meet, And stretch the dreadful Hector at my feet." Full of the god that urged their burning breast, The heroes thus their mutual warmth express'd.

Could all our care elude the gloomy grave, Which claims no less the fearful and the brave, For lust of fame I should not vainly dare In fighting fields, nor urge thy soul to war. Through breaking ranks his furious course he bends, And at the goddess his broad lance extends; Through her bright veil the daring weapon drove, The ambrosial veil which all the Graces wove; Her snowy hand the razing steel profaned, And the transparent skin with crimson stain'd, From the clear vein a stream immortal flow'd, Such stream as issues from a wounded god; Pure emanation! Raging with grief, great Menelaus burns, And fraught with vengeance, to the victor turns: That shook the ponderous lance, in act to throw; And this stood adverse with the bended bow: Full on his breast the Trojan arrow fell, But harmless bounded from the plated steel.

Next the sword bereaves, Deep though the front the ponderous falchion cleaves; Warm'd in the brain the smoking weapon lies, The purple death comes floating o'er his eyes.

The parting heroes mutual presents left; A golden goblet was thy grandsire's gift; Oeneus a belt of matchless work bestowed, That rich with Tyrian dye resplendent glow'd.

Now with full force the yielding horn he bends, Drawn to an arch, and joins the doubling ends; Close to his breast he strains the nerve below, Till the barb'd points approach the circling bow; The impatient weapon whizzes on the wing; Sounds the tough horn, and twangs the quivering string.

The war stood still, and all around them gazed, When great Achilles' shining armour blazed: Troy saw, and thought the dread Achilles nigh, At once they see, they tremble, and they fly. The bold Antilochus the slaughter led, The first who struck a valiant Trojan dead: At great Echepolus the lance arrives, Razed his high crest, and through his helmet drives; Warm'd in the brain the brazen weapon lies, And shades eternal settle o'er his eyes.

Already met, the louring hosts appear, And death stands ardent on the edge of war." "Tis true (the cloud-compelling power replies) This day we call the council of the skies In care of human race; even Jove's own eye Sees with regret unhappy mortals die.

This ready arm, unthinking, shakes the dart; The blood pours back, and fortifies my heart: Singly, methinks, yon towering chief I meet, And stretch the dreadful Hector at my feet." Full of the god that urged their burning breast, The heroes thus their mutual warmth express'd.

Yet a short interval, and none shall dare Expect a second summons to the war; Who waits for that, the dire effects shall find, If trembling in the ships he lags behind.

You should have fear'd, what now you feel; Achilles absent was Achilles still: Yet a short space the great avenger stayed, Then low in dust thy strength and glory laid.

The sage Ulysses thus replies, While anger flash'd from his disdainful eyes: "What shameful words (unkingly as thou art) Fall from that trembling tongue and timorous heart? As through the forest, o'er the vale and lawn, The well-breath'd beagle drives the flying fawn, In vain he tries the

covert of the brakes, Or deep beneath the trembling thicket shakes; Sure of the vapour in the tainted dews, The certain hound his various maze pursues.

The bold Antilochus the slaughter led, The first who struck a valiant Trojan dead: At great Echepolus the lance arrives, Razed his high crest, and through his helmet drives; Warm'd in the brain the brazen weapon lies, And shades eternal settle o'er his eyes.

From rich Paeonia's valleys I command, Arm'd with pretended spears, my native band; Now shines the tenth bright morning since I came In aid of Ilion to the fields of fame: Axius, who swells with all the neighbouring rills, And wide around the floated region fills, Begot my sire, whose spear much glory won: Now lift thy arm, and try that hero's son!" Threatening he said: the hostile chiefs advance; At once Asteropeus discharged each lance, (For both his dexterous hands the lance could wield,) One struck, but pierced not, the Vulcanian shield; One razed Achilles' hand; the spouting blood Spun forth; in earth the fasten'd weapon stood.

Here Hector, plunging through the thickest fight, Broke the dark phalanx, and let in the light: (By the long lance, the sword, or ponderous stone, The ranks he scatter'd and the troops o'erthrown:) Ajax he shuns, through all the dire debate, And fears that arm whose force he felt so late.

Those, who in skilful archery contend, He next invites the twanging bow to bend; And twice ten axes casts amidst the round, Ten double-edged, and ten that singly wound The mast, which late a first-rate galley bore, The hero fixes in the sandy shore; To the tall top a milk-white dove they tie, The trembling mark at which their arrows fly.

As torrents roll, increased by numerous rills, With rage impetuous, down their echoing hills Rush to the vales, and pour'd along the plain, Roar through a thousand channels to the main: The distant shepherd trembling hears the sound; So mix both hosts, and so their cries rebound.

Hereafter let him fall, as Fates design, That spun so short his life's illustrious line: But lest some adverse god now cross his way, Give him to know what powers assist this day: For how shall mortal stand the dire alarms, When heaven's resplendent host appear in arms?" Thus she; and thus the god whose force can make The solid globe's eternal basis shake: "Against the might of man, so feeble known, Why should celestial powers exert their own? Raging with grief, great Menelaus burns, And fraught with vengeance, to the victor turns: That shook the ponderous lance, in act to throw; And this stood adverse with the bended bow: Full on his breast the Trojan arrow fell, But harmless bounded from the plated steel.

Why should heaven's law with foolish man comply Exempted from the race ordain'd to die?"

This menace fix'd the warrior to his throne; Sullen he sat, and curb'd the rising groan.

Ah, why should Jove engage In foreign contests and domestic rage, The gods' complaints, and Juno's fierce alarms, While I, too partial, aid the Trojan arms?

Hector beheld his javelin fall in vain, Nor other lance, nor other hope remain; He calls Deiphobus, demands a spear-- In vain, for no Deiphobus was there. Next, ripe in yellow gold, a vineyard shines, Bent with the ponderous harvest of its vines; A deeper dye the dangling clusters show, And curl'd on silver props, in order glow: A darker metal mix'd intrench'd the place; And pales of glittering tin the inclosure grace.

His spear AEneas at the victor threw, Who stooping forward from the death withdrew; The lance hiss'd harmless o'er his covering shield, And trembling struck, and rooted in the field; There yet scarce spent, it quivers on the plain, Sent by the great AEneas' arm in vain. Next, ripe in yellow

gold, a vineyard shines, Bent with the ponderous harvest of its vines; A deeper dye the dangling clusters show, And curl'd on silver props, in order glow: A darker metal mix'd intrench'd the place; And pales of glittering tin the inclosure grace.

What honour, and what love, shall I obtain, If I compose those fatal feuds again; Once more their minds in mutual ties engage, And, what my youth has owed, repay their age!" She said. There tied, they rest in high celestial stalls; The chariot propp'd against the crystal walls, The pensive goddesses, abash'd, controll'd, Mix with the gods, and fill their seats of gold. Would the gods but breathe in all the rest Such souls as burn in your exalted breast, Soon should our arms with just success be crown'd, And Troy's proud walls lie smoking on the ground." Then to the next the general bends his course; (His heart exults, and glories in his force); There reverend Nestor ranks his Pylian bands, And with inspiring eloquence commands; With strictest order sets his train in arms, The chiefs advises, and the soldiers warms. In that dangerous hour The gods forget not, nor thy guardian power, Pallas assists, and (weakened in its force) Diverts the weapon from its destined course: So from her babe, when slumber seals his eye, The watchful mother wafts the envenom'd fly.

But you, unworthy the high race you boast, Shall raise my glory when thy own is lost: Now meet thy fate, and by Sarpedon slain, Add one more ghost to Pluto's gloomy reign." He said: both javelins at an instant flew; Both struck, both wounded, but Sarpedon's slew: Full in the boaster's neck the weapon stood, Transfix'd his throat, and drank the vital blood; The soul disdainful seeks the caves of night, And his seal'd eyes for ever lose the light.

Then died Scamandrius, expert in the chase, In woods and wilds to wound the savage race; Diana taught him all her sylvan arts, To bend the bow, and aim unerring darts: But vainly here Diana's arts he tries, The fatal lance arrests him as he flies; From Menelaus' arm the weapon sent, Through his broad back and heaving bosom went: Down sinks the warrior with a thundering sound, His brazen armour rings against the ground. Great Menelaus views with pitying eyes, Lifts his bright lance, and at the victor flies; Mars urged him on; yet, ruthless in his hate, The god but urged him to provoke his fate. The gates unfolding pour forth all their train; Squadrons on squadrons cloud the dusky plain: Men, steeds, and chariots shake the trembling ground, The tumult thickens, and the skies resound; And now with shouts the shocking armies closed, To lances lances, shields to shields opposed, Host against host with shadowy legends drew, The sounding darts in iron tempests flew; Victors and vanquish'd join promiscuous cries, Triumphant shouts and dying groans arise; With streaming blood the slippery fields are dyed, And slaughter'd heroes swell the dreadful tide.

The wounded chief, behind his car retired, The helping hand of Sthenelus required; Swift from his seat he leap'd upon the ground, And tugg'd the weapon from the gushing wound; When thus the king his guardian power address'd, The purple current wandering o'er his vest: "O progeny of Jove!

A wretch, whom in his rage (All trembling on the verge of helpless age) Great Jove has placed, sad spectacle of pain! "Not so (the dame replied), I haste to go To sacred Ocean, and the floods below: Even now our solemn hecatombs attend, And heaven is feasting on the world's green end With righteous Ethiops (uncorrupted train!) Far on the extremest limits of the main. Unarm'd if I should go, What hope of mercy from this vengeful foe, But woman-like to fall, and fall without a blow?

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The weapon entered close above his ear, Cold through his temples glides the whizzing spear; With piercing shrieks the youth resigns his breath, His eye-balls darken with the shades of death; Ponderous he falls; his clanging arms resound, And his broad buckler rings against the ground.

But should they turn, and here oppress our train, What hopes, what methods of retreat remain? Be men: your generous breasts inflame With mutual honour, and with mutual shame!

I deem'd not Greece so dreadful, while engaged In mutual feuds her king and hero raged; Then, while we hoped our armies might prevail We boldly camp'd beside a thousand sail. The Trojan weapon whizz'd along in air; The Cretan saw, and shunn'd the brazen spear: Sent from an arm so strong, the missive wood Stuck deep in earth, and quiver'd where it stood.

Let me perish on this hateful shore, And let these eyes behold my son no more; If, on thy next offence, this hand forbear To strip those arms thou ill deserv'st to wear, Expel the council where our princes meet, And send thee scourged and howling through the fleet." He said, and cowering as the dastard bends, The weighty sceptre on his bank descends. On the round bunch the bloody tumours rise: The tears spring starting from his haggard eyes; Trembling he sat, and shrunk in abject fears, From his vile visage wiped the scalding tears; While to his neighbour each express'd his thought: "Ye gods!

Heedless, they who boast Both parents still, nor feel what he has lost, Shall cry, 'Begone! For me, to lawless love no longer led, I scorn the coward, and detest his bed; Else should I merit everlasting shame, And keen reproach, from every Phrygian dame: Ill suits it now the joys of love to know, Too deep my anguish, and too wild my woe." Illustration: VENUS PRESENTING HELEN TO PARIS.

Die then,"--He said; and as the word he spoke, The fainting stripling sank before the stroke: His hand forgot its grasp, and left the spear, While all his trembling frame confess'd his fear: Sudden, Achilles his broad sword display'd, And buried in his neck the reeking blade.

"Warriors like you, with strength and wisdom bless'd, By brave examples should confirm the rest. Great Ajax saw, and own'd the hand divine; Confessing Jove, and trembling at the sign, Warn'd he retreats.

Indulge the genial rite; Achilles waits ye, and expects the fight." The speedy council at his word adjourn'd: To their black vessels all the Greeks return'd.

No longer then defer the glorious strife, Let heaven decide our fortune, fame, and life." Swift as the word the missile lance he flings; The well-aim'd weapon on the buckler rings, But blunted by the brass, innoxious falls.

Graced above the rest In seats of council and the sumptuous feast: Now hope no more those honours from thy train; Go less than woman, in the form of man! Not Hector's self should want

an equal foe.

Nor from yon boaster shall your chief retire, Not though his heart were steel, his hands were fire; That fire, that steel, your Hector should withstand, And brave that vengeful heart, that dreadful hand." Thus (breathing rage through all) the hero said; A wood of lances rises round his head, Clamours on clamours tempest all the air, They join, they throng, they thicken to the war. The spouse of Helen, dealing darts around, Had pierced Machaon with a distant wound: In his right shoulder the broad shaft appear'd, And trembling Greece for her physician fear'd.

But bear we this--the wrongs I grieve are past; 'Tis time our fury should relent at last: I fix'd its date; the day I wish'd appears: How Hector to my ships his battle bears, The flames my eyes, the shouts invade my ears.

Should he see our warriors trembling stand, And trembling all before one hostile hand; How would he lift his aged arms on high, Lament inglorious Greece, and beg to die!

Before the king Jove's messenger appears, And thus in whispers greets his trembling ears: "Fear not, O father!

For me, to lawless love no longer led, I scorn the coward, and detest his bed; Else should I merit everlasting shame, And keen reproach, from every Phrygian dame: Ill suits it now the joys of love to know, Too deep my anguish, and too wild my woe." Illustration: VENUS PRESENTING HELEN TO PARIS.

All thy force employ, Assemble all the united bands of Troy; In just array let every leader call The foreign troops: this day demands them all!" The voice divine the mighty chief alarms; The council breaks, the warriors rush to arms.

Amid the ranks, with mutual thirst of fame, Lycon the brave, and fierce Peneleus came; In vain their javelins at each other flew, Now, met in arms, their eager swords they drew.

(His friends, each busied in his several part, Through haste, or danger, had not drawn the dart.) The Greeks with slain Tlepolemus retired; Whose fall Ulysses view'd, with fury fired; Doubtful if Jove's great son he should pursue, Or pour his vengeance on the Lycian crew.

Full at the Trojan's head he urged his lance, Where the high plumes above the helmet dance, New ting'd with Tyrian dye: in dust below, Shorn from the crest, the purple honours glow.

Atrides mark'd, as these their safety sought, And slew the children for the father's fault; Their headstrong horse unable to restrain, They shook with fear, and dropp'd the silken rein; Then in the chariot on their knees they fall, And thus with lifted hands for mercy call: "O spare our youth, and for the life we owe, Antimachus shall copious gifts bestow: Soon as he hears, that, not in battle slain, The Grecian ships his captive sons detain, Large heaps of brass in ransom shall be told, And steel well-tempered, and persuasive gold." These words, attended with the flood of tears, The youths address'd to unrelenting ears: The vengeful monarch gave this stern reply: "If from Antimachus ye spring, ye die; The daring wretch who once in council stood To shed Ulysses' and my brother's blood, For proffer'd peace! Hector, with a bound, Springs from his chariot on the trembling ground, In clanging arms: he grasps in either hand A pointed lance, and speeds from band to band; Revives their ardour, turns their steps from flight, And wakes anew the dying flames of fight. Yet on the verge of battle let us stay, And for a moment's space suspend the day; Let Heaven's high powers be call'd to arbitrate The just conditions of this stern debate, (Eternal witnesses of all below, And faithful guardians of the treasured vow!) To them I swear; if, victor in the strife, Jove by these hands shall shed thy noble life, No vile dishonour

shall thy corse pursue; Stripp'd of its arms alone (the conqueror's due) The rest to Greece uninjured I'll restore: Now plight thy mutual oath, I ask no more." "Talk not of oaths (the dreadful chief replies, While anger flash'd from his disdainful eyes), Detested as thou art, and ought to be, Nor oath nor pact Achilles plights with thee: Such pacts as lambs and rabid wolves combine, Such leagues as men and furious lions join, To such I call the gods! They call a council of war, and determine to send scouts into the enemies' camp, to learn their posture, and discover their intentions.

On valour's side the odds of combat lie, The brave live glorious, or lamented die; The wretch who trembles in the field of fame, Meets death, and worse than death, eternal shame!" These words he seconds with his flying lance, To meet whose point was strong Deicoon's chance: AEneas' friend, and in his native place Honour'd and loved like Priam's royal race: Long had he fought the foremost in the field, But now the monarch's lance transpierced his shield: His shield too weak the furious dart to stay, Through his broad belt the weapon forced its way: The grisly wound dismiss'd his soul to hell, His arms around him rattled as he fell.

Then from my fury fled the trembling swains, And ours was all the plunder of the plains: Fifty white flocks, full fifty herds of swine, As many goats, as many lowing kine: And thrice the number of unrivall'd steeds, All teeming females, and of generous breeds.

Be thy care; Pallas and I, by all that gods can bind, Have sworn destruction to the Trojan kind; Not even an instant to protract their fate, Or save one member of the sinking state; Till her last flame be quench'd with her last gore, And even her crumbling ruins are no more." The king of ocean to the fight descends, Through all the whistling darts his course he bends, Swift interposed between the warrior flies, And casts thick darkness o'er Achilles' eyes. From great AEneas' shield the spear he drew, And at his master's feet the weapon threw.

Hippolochus survived: from him I came, The honour'd author of my birth and name; By his decree I sought the Trojan town; By his instructions learn to win renown, To stand the first in worth as in command, To add new honours to my native land, Before my eyes my mighty sires to place, And emulate the glories of our race." He spoke, and transport fill'd Tydides' heart; In earth the generous warrior fix'd his dart, Then friendly, thus the Lycian prince address'd: "Welcome, my brave hereditary guest! The spouse of Helen, dealing darts around, Had pierced Machaon with a distant wound: In his right shoulder the broad shaft appear'd, And trembling Greece for her physician fear'd. In that dangerous hour The gods forget not, nor thy guardian power, Pallas assists, and (weakened in its force) Diverts the weapon from its destined course: So from her babe, when slumber seals his eye, The watchful mother wafts the envenom'd fly. Already met, the louring hosts appear, And death stands ardent on the edge of war." "Tis true (the cloud-compelling power replies) This day we call the council of the skies In care of human race; even Jove's own eye Sees with regret unhappy mortals die.

On valour's side the odds of combat lie, The brave live glorious, or lamented die; The wretch who trembles in the field of fame, Meets death, and worse than death, eternal shame!" These words he seconds with his flying lance, To meet whose point was strong Deicoon's chance: AEneas' friend, and in his native place Honour'd and loved like Priam's royal race: Long had he fought the foremost in the field, But now the monarch's lance transpierced his shield: His shield too weak the furious dart to stay, Through his broad belt the weapon forced its way: The grisly wound dismiss'd his soul to hell, His arms around him rattled as he fell. Before the king Jove's

messenger appears, And thus in whispers greets his trembling ears: "Fear not, O father! Where in dust the great Sarpedon lies, In action valiant, and in council wise, Who guarded right, and kept his people free; To all his Lycians lost, and lost to thee!

Like gods of war, dispensing fate, they stood, And burn'd to drench the ground with mutual blood.

Phoebus it was; who, in his latest hour, Endued his knees with strength, his nerves with power: And great Achilles, lest some Greek's advance Should snatch the glory from his lifted lance, Sign'd to the troops to yield his foe the way, And leave untouched the honours of the day. These, were the rich immortal prize our own, Through the wide world should make our glory known." Thus while they spoke, the foe came furious on, And stern Lycaon's warlike race begun: "Prince, thou art met. Thus sheathed in arms, the council they forsake, And dark through paths oblique their progress take.

The gods deliberate in council concerning the Trojan war: they agree upon the continuation of it, and Jupiter sends down Minerva to break the truce.

Hector, the peers assembling in his tent, A council holds at Ilus' monument. And now had death and horror cover'd all; Like timorous flocks the Trojans in their wall Inclosed had bled: but Jove with awful sound Roll'd the big thunder o'er the vast profound: Full in Tydides' face the lightning flew; The ground before him flamed with sulphur blue; The quivering steeds fell prostrate at the sight; And Nestor's trembling hand confess'd his fright: He dropp'd the reins: and, shook with sacred dread, Thus, turning, warn'd the intrepid Diomed: "O chief!

Were these not paid thee by the terms we bring, Were rage still harbour'd in the haughty king; Nor Greece nor all her fortunes should engage Thy friend to plead against so just a rage. There sat the seniors of the Trojan race: (Old Priam's chiefs, and most in Priam's grace,) The king the first; Thymoetes at his side; Lampus and Clytius, long in council tried; Panthus, and Hicetaon, once the strong; And next, the wisest of the reverend throng, Antenor grave, and sage Ucalegon, Lean'd on the walls and bask'd before the sun: Chiefs, who no more in bloody fights engage, But wise through time, and narrative with age, In summer days, like grasshoppers rejoice, A bloodless race, that send a feeble voice.

A wretch, whom in his rage (All trembling on the verge of helpless age) Great Jove has placed, sad spectacle of pain!

Against the trembling wood The wretch stood propp'd, and quiver'd as he stood; A sudden palsy seized his turning head; His loose teeth chatter'd, and his colour fled; The panting warriors seize him as he stands, And with unmanly tears his life demands.

The victors keep the field; and Hector calls A martial council near the navy walls; These to Scamander's bank apart he led, Where thinly scatter'd lay the heaps of dead.

Whate'er bold Trojan arm'd his daring hands, Against the sable ships, with flaming brands, So well the chief his naval weapon sped, The luckless warrior at his stern lay dead: Full twelve, the boldest, in a moment fell, Sent by great Ajax to the shades of hell.

A generous friendship no cold medium knows, Burns with one love, with one resentment glows; One should our interests and our passions be; My friend must hate the man that injures me. In his right hand he waves the weapon round, Eyes the whole man, and meditates the wound; But the rich mail Patroclus lately wore Securely cased the warrior's body o'er.

Suppose some hero should his spoils resign, Art thou that hero, could those spoils be thine?

Here Hector, plunging through the thickest fight, Broke the dark phalanx, and let in the light: (By the long lance, the sword, or ponderous stone, The ranks he scatter'd and the troops o'erthrown:) Ajax he shuns, through all the dire debate, And fears that arm whose force he felt so late.

The war stood still, and all around them gazed, When great Achilles' shining armour blazed: Troy saw, and thought the dread Achilles nigh, At once they see, they tremble, and they fly. From rich Paeonia's valleys I command, Arm'd with pretended spears, my native band; Now shines the tenth bright morning since I came In aid of Ilion to the fields of fame: Axius, who swells with all the neighbouring rills, And wide around the floated region fills, Begot my sire, whose spear much glory won: Now lift thy arm, and try that hero's son!" Threatening he said: the hostile chiefs advance; At once Asteropeus discharged each lance, (For both his dexterous hands the lance could wield,) One struck, but pierced not, the Vulcanian shield; One razed Achilles' hand; the spouting blood Spun forth; in earth the fasten'd weapon stood. Phoebus it was; who, in his latest hour, Endued his knees with strength, his nerves with power: And great Achilles, lest some Greek's advance Should snatch the glory from his lifted lance, Sign'd to the troops to yield his foe the way, And leave untouched the honours of the day.

Then to the godhead of the silver bow The yellow flood began: "O son of Jove! Agamemnon proposes to make their escape by night, which Ulysses withstands; to which Diomed adds his advice, that, wounded as they were, they should go forth and encourage the army with their presence, which advice is pursued.

The vengeful victor rages round the fields, With every weapon art or fury yields: By the long lance, the sword, or ponderous stone, Whole ranks are broken, and whole troops o'erthrown. Then rushing from his tent, he snatch'd in haste His steely lance, that lighten'd as he pass'd. The spouse of Helen, dealing darts around, Had pierced Machaon with a distant wound: In his right shoulder the broad shaft appear'd, And trembling Greece for her physician fear'd. The frighted Trojans (panting from the war, Their steeds unharness'd from the weary car) A sudden council call'd: each chief appear'd In haste, and standing; for to sit they fear'd.

Urge those who stand, and those who faint, excite; Drown Hector's vaunts in loud exhorts of fight; Conquest, not safety, fill the thoughts of all; Seek not your fleet, but sally from the wall; So Jove once more may drive their routed train, And Troy lie trembling in her walls again." Their ardour kindles all the Grecian powers; And now the stones descend in heavier showers.

If Jove have given thee every Trojan head, 'Tis not on me thy rage should heap the dead.

To these the youth of Phylace succeed, Itona, famous for her fleecy breed, And grassy Pteleon deck'd with cheerful greens, The bowers of Ceres, and the sylvan scenes. In his right hand he waves the weapon round, Eyes the whole man, and meditates the wound; But the rich mail Patroclus lately wore Securely cased the warrior's body o'er. Be thy care; Pallas and I, by all that gods can bind, Have sworn destruction to the Trojan kind; Not even an instant to protract their fate, Or save one member of the sinking state; Till her last flame be quench'd with her last gore, And even her crumbling ruins are no more." The king of ocean to the fight descends, Through all the whistling darts his course he bends, Swift interposed between the warrior flies, And casts thick darkness o'er Achilles' eyes. From great AEneas' shield the spear he drew, And at his master's feet the weapon threw.

Murmuring they move, as when old ocean roars, And heaves huge surges to the trembling

shores; The groaning banks are burst with bellowing sound, The rocks remurmur and the deeps rebound.

Thus sheathed in arms, the council they forsake, And dark through paths oblique their progress take. Could all our care elude the gloomy grave, Which claims no less the fearful and the brave, For lust of fame I should not vainly dare In fighting fields, nor urge thy soul to war. Lift the bold lance, and make some Trojan bleed." He said; and backward to the lines retired; Forth rush'd the youth with martial fury fired, Beyond the foremost ranks; his lance he threw, And round the black battalions cast his view.

Next, ripe in yellow gold, a vineyard shines, Bent with the ponderous harvest of its vines; A deeper dye the dangling clusters show, And curl'd on silver props, in order glow: A darker metal mix'd intrench'd the place; And pales of glittering tin the inclosure grace. If I but stretch this hand, I heave the gods, the ocean, and the land; I fix the chain to great Olympus' height, And the vast world hangs trembling in my sight!

Should he see our warriors trembling stand, And trembling all before one hostile hand; How would he lift his aged arms on high, Lament inglorious Greece, and beg to die!

Would the gods but breathe in all the rest Such souls as burn in your exalted breast, Soon should our arms with just success be crown'd, And Troy's proud walls lie smoking on the ground." Then to the next the general bends his course; (His heart exults, and glories in his force); There reverend Nestor ranks his Pylian bands, And with inspiring eloquence commands; With strictest order sets his train in arms, The chiefs advises, and the soldiers warms. On valour's side the odds of combat lie, The brave live glorious, or lamented die; The wretch who trembles in the field of fame, Meets death, and worse than death, eternal shame!" These words he seconds with his flying lance, To meet whose point was strong Deicoon's chance: AEneas' friend, and in his native place Honour'd and loved like Priam's royal race: Long had he fought the foremost in the field, But now the monarch's lance transpierced his shield: His shield too weak the furious dart to stay, Through his broad belt the weapon forced its way: The grisly wound dismiss'd his soul to hell, His arms around him rattled as he fell.

With piercing shrieks his bitter fate she moans, While the sad father answers groans with groans, Tears after tears his mournful cheeks o'erflow, And the whole city wears one face of woe: No less than if the rage of hostile fires, From her foundations curling to her spires, O'er the proud citadel at length should rise, And the last blaze send Ilion to the skies. Then lift thy weapon for a noble blow, Nor fear the vaunting of a mortal foe." This said, and spirit breathed into his breast, Through the thick troops the embolden'd hero press'd: His venturous act the white-arm'd queen survey'd, And thus, assembling all the powers, she said: "Behold an action, gods!

Then give thy warrior-chief a warrior's due, Who dares to act whate'er thou dar'st to view."

Struck with his generous wrath, the king replies: "O great in action, and in council wise!

Tydides and Ulysses first appear, Lame with their wounds, and leaning on the spear; These on the sacred seats of council placed, The king of men, Atrides, came the last: He too sore wounded by Agenor's son. Then died Scamandrius, expert in the chase, In woods and wilds to wound the savage race; Diana taught him all her sylvan arts, To bend the bow, and aim unerring darts: But vainly here Diana's arts he tries, The fatal lance arrests him as he flies; From Menelaus' arm the weapon sent, Through his broad back and heaving bosom went: Down sinks

the warrior with a thundering sound, His brazen armour rings against the ground. But ere the tenth revolving day was run, Inspired by Juno, Thetis' godlike son Convened to council all the Grecian train; For much the goddess mourn'd her heroes slain. The assembly seated, rising o'er the rest, Achilles thus the king of men address'd: "Why leave we not the fatal Trojan shore, And measure back the seas we cross'd before?

First Damasus, by Polypoetes' steel, Pierced through his helmet's brazen visor, fell; The weapon drank the mingled brains and gore!

Or old and helpless, at his feet to fall, Two wretched suppliants, and for mercy call?" The afflicted monarch shiver'd with despair; Pale grew his face, and upright stood his hair; Sunk was his heart; his colour went and came; A sudden trembling shook his aged frame: When Hermes, greeting, touch'd his royal hand, And, gentle, thus accosts with kind demand: "Say whither, father! The steeds fly trembling from his waving sword, And many a car, now lighted of its lord, Wide o'er the field with guideless fury rolls, Breaking their ranks, and crushing out their souls; While his keen falchion drinks the warriors' lives; More grateful, now, to vultures than their wives!

Ah, why should Jove engage In foreign contests and domestic rage, The gods' complaints, and Juno's fierce alarms, While I, too partial, aid the Trojan arms?

Through breaking ranks his furious course he bends, And at the goddess his broad lance extends; Through her bright veil the daring weapon drove, The ambrosial veil which all the Graces wove; Her snowy hand the razing steel profaned, And the transparent skin with crimson stain'd, From the clear vein a stream immortal flow'd, Such stream as issues from a wounded god; Pure emanation!

The vengeful victor rages round the fields, With every weapon art or fury yields: By the long lance, the sword, or ponderous stone, Whole ranks are broken, and whole troops o'erthrown.

Heedless, they who boast Both parents still, nor feel what he has lost, Shall cry, 'Begone!

Then mutual slaughters spread on either side; By Hector here the Phocian Schedius died; There, pierced by Ajax, sunk Laodamas, Chief of the foot, of old Antenor's race. Bacchus, and Bacchus' votaries, he drove, With brandish'd steel, from Nyssa's sacred grove: Their consecrated spears lay scatter'd round, With curling vines and twisted ivy bound; While Bacchus headlong sought the briny flood, And Thetis' arms received the trembling god. From his ambrosial head, where perch'd she sate, He snatch'd the fury-goddess of debate, The dread, the irrevocable oath he swore, The immortal seats should ne'er behold her more; And whirl'd her headlong down, for ever driven From bright Olympus and the starry heaven: Thence on the nether world the fury fell; Ordain'd with man's contentious race to dwell. How few, who should like thee offend, Like thee, have talents to regain the friend!

Murmuring they move, as when old ocean roars, And heaves huge surges to the trembling shores; The groaning banks are burst with bellowing sound, The rocks remurmur and the deeps rebound.

Hast thou forgot, when, bound and fix'd on high, From the vast concave of the spangled sky, I hung thee trembling in a golden chain, And all the raging gods opposed in vain?

There tied, they rest in high celestial stalls; The chariot propp'd against the crystal walls, The pensive goddesses, abash'd, controll'd, Mix with the gods, and fill their seats of gold.

What couldst thou hope, should these thy treasures view; These, who with endless hate thy

race pursue? But great Achilles stands apart in prayer, And from his head divides the yellow hair; Those curling locks which from his youth he vow'd, And sacred grew, to Sperchius' honour'd flood: Then sighing, to the deep his locks he cast, And roll'd his eyes around the watery waste: "Sperchius!

No longer then defer the glorious strife, Let heaven decide our fortune, fame, and life." Swift as the word the missile lance he flings; The well-aim'd weapon on the buckler rings, But blunted by the brass, innoxious falls. The weapon entered close above his ear, Cold through his temples glides the whizzing spear; With piercing shrieks the youth resigns his breath, His eye-balls darken with the shades of death; Ponderous he falls; his clanging arms resound, And his broad buckler rings against the ground. Dreadful he stood in front of all his host; Pale Troy beheld, and seem'd already lost; Her bravest heroes pant with inward fear, And trembling see another god of war.

"Where Calydon on rocky mountains stands Once fought the AEtolian and Curetian bands; To guard it those; to conquer, these advance; And mutual deaths were dealt with mutual chance. Heedless, they who boast Both parents still, nor feel what he has lost, Shall cry, 'Begone! Nine days are past since all the court above In Hector's cause have moved the ear of Jove; 'Twas voted, Hermes from his godlike foe By stealth should bear him, but we will'd not so: We will, thy son himself the corse restore, And to his conquest add this glory more.

Plunged in his throat, the weapon drank his blood, And deep transpiercing through the shoulder stood; In clanging arms the hero fell and all The fields resounded with his weighty fall.

The towering chiefs to fiercer fight advance: And first Sarpedon whirl'd his weighty lance, Which o'er the warrior's shoulder took its course, And spent in empty air its dying force.

The foe thrice tugg'd, and shook the rooted wood; Repulsive of his might the weapon stood: The fourth, he tries to break the spear in vain; Bent as he stands, he tumbles to the plain; His belly open'd with a ghastly wound, The reeking entrails pour upon the ground.

The vigorous power the trembling car ascends, Fierce for revenge; and Diomed attends: The groaning axle bent beneath the load; So great a hero, and so great a god. What more, should Neoptolemus the brave, My only offspring, sink into the grave?

For Juno, headstrong and imperious still, She claims some title to transgress our will." Swift as the wind, the various-colour'd maid From Ida's top her golden wings display'd; To great Olympus' shining gate she flies, There meets the chariot rushing down the skies, Restrains their progress from the bright abodes, And speaks the mandate of the sire of gods. They call a council of war, and determine to send scouts into the enemies' camp, to learn their posture, and discover their intentions. Like gods of war, dispensing fate, they stood, And burn'd to drench the ground with mutual blood.

Bacchus, and Bacchus' votaries, he drove, With brandish'd steel, from Nyssa's sacred grove: Their consecrated spears lay scatter'd round, With curling vines and twisted ivy bound; While Bacchus headlong sought the briny flood, And Thetis' arms received the trembling god. All thy force employ, Assemble all the united bands of Troy; In just array let every leader call The foreign troops: this day demands them all!" The voice divine the mighty chief alarms; The council breaks, the warriors rush to arms.

The trembling Greeks alarm, Shake my broad aegis on thy active arm, Be godlike Hector thy peculiar care, Swell his bold heart, and urge his strength to war: Let Ilion conquer, till the

Achaian train Fly to their ships and Hellespont again: Then Greece shall breathe from toils." The godhead said; His will divine the son of Jove obey'd. As when two skilful hounds the leveret wind; Or chase through woods obscure the trembling hind; Now lost, now seen, they intercept his way, And from the herd still turn the flying prey: So fast, and with such fears, the Trojan flew; So close, so constant, the bold Greeks pursue.

The foe thrice tugg'd, and shook the rooted wood; Repulsive of his might the weapon stood: The fourth, he tries to break the spear in vain; Bent as he stands, he tumbles to the plain; His belly open'd with a ghastly wound, The reeking entrails pour upon the ground.

Hector, with a bound, Springs from his chariot on the trembling ground, In clanging arms: he grasps in either hand A pointed lance, and speeds from band to band; Revives their ardour, turns their steps from flight, And wakes anew the dying flames of fight.

Urge those who stand, and those who faint, excite; Drown Hector's vaunts in loud exhorts of fight; Conquest, not safety, fill the thoughts of all; Seek not your fleet, but sally from the wall; So Jove once more may drive their routed train, And Troy lie trembling in her walls again." Their ardour kindles all the Grecian powers; And now the stones descend in heavier showers. Before his wrath the trembling hosts retire; The gods in terrors, and the skies on fire. The chiefs you named, already at his call, Prepare to meet us near the navy-wall; Assembling there, between the trench and gates, Near the night-guards, our chosen council waits." "Then none (said Nestor) shall his rule withstand, For great examples justify command." With that, the venerable warrior rose; The shining greaves his manly legs enclose; His purple mantle golden buckles join'd, Warm with the softest wool, and doubly lined.

With piercing shrieks his bitter fate she moans, While the sad father answers groans with groans, Tears after tears his mournful cheeks o'erflow, And the whole city wears one face of woe: No less than if the rage of hostile fires, From her foundations curling to her spires, O'er the proud citadel at length should rise, And the last blaze send Ilion to the skies.

Hast thou forgot, when, bound and fix'd on high, From the vast concave of the spangled sky, I hung thee trembling in a golden chain, And all the raging gods opposed in vain?

Then died Scamandrius, expert in the chase, In woods and wilds to wound the savage race; Diana taught him all her sylvan arts, To bend the bow, and aim unerring darts: But vainly here Diana's arts he tries, The fatal lance arrests him as he flies; From Menelaus' arm the weapon sent, Through his broad back and heaving bosom went: Down sinks the warrior with a thundering sound, His brazen armour rings against the ground.

Let me perish on this hateful shore, And let these eyes behold my son no more; If, on thy next offence, this hand forbear To strip those arms thou ill deserv'st to wear, Expel the council where our princes meet, And send thee scourged and howling through the fleet." He said, and cowering as the dastard bends, The weighty sceptre on his bank descends. On the round bunch the bloody tumours rise: The tears spring starting from his haggard eyes; Trembling he sat, and shrunk in abject fears, From his vile visage wiped the scalding tears; While to his neighbour each express'd his thought: "Ye gods!

This warning should be lost!

O might a parent's careful wish prevail, Far, far from Ilion should thy vessels sail, And thou, from camps remote, the danger shun Which now, alas!

Soon as the rosy morn had waked the day, To the black ships Idaeus bent his way; There, to

the sons of Mars, in council found, He raised his voice: the host stood listening round. Suppose some hero should his spoils resign, Art thou that hero, could those spoils be thine? But raging still, amidst his navy sat The stern Achilles, stedfast in his hate; Nor mix'd in combat, nor in council join'd; But wasting cares lay heavy on his mind: In his black thoughts revenge and slaughter roll, And scenes of blood rise dreadful in his soul. Already thou prepar'st to fly." The Trojan chief with fix'd resentment eyed The Lycian leader, and sedate replied: "Say, is it just, my friend, that Hector's ear From such a warrior such a speech should hear?

Would all the deities of Greece combine, In vain the gloomy Thunderer might repine: Sole should he sit, with scarce a god to friend, And see his Trojans to the shades descend: Such be the scene from his Idaean bower; Ungrateful prospect to the sullen power!" Neptune with wrath rejects the rash design: "What rage, what madness, furious queen!

Then cleansed his hands; and fixing for a space His eyes on heaven, his feet upon the place Of sacrifice, the purple draught he pour'd Forth in the midst; and thus the god implored: "O thou supreme!

Not so this dart, which thou may'st one day feel; Fate wings its flight, and death is on the steel: Where this but lights, some noble life expires; Its touch makes orphans, bathes the cheeks of sires, Steeps earth in purple, gluts the birds of air, And leaves such objects as distract the fair." Ulysses hastens with a trembling heart, Before him steps, and bending draws the dart: Forth flows the blood; an eager pang succeeds; Tydides mounts, and to the navy speeds. Hector, the peers assembling in his tent, A council holds at Ilus' monument. Remote they stand while alien troops engage, Like trembling hounds before the lion's rage.

He rose, and first he cast his mantle round, Next on his feet the shining sandals bound; A lion's yellow spoils his back conceal'd; His warlike hand a pointed javelin held.

"Where Calydon on rocky mountains stands Once fought the AEtolian and Curetian bands; To guard it those; to conquer, these advance; And mutual deaths were dealt with mutual chance. The weapon flies At Hector's breast, and sings along the skies: He miss'd the mark; but pierced Gorgythio's heart, And drench'd in royal blood the thirsty dart. Perhaps Apollo shall thy arms succeed, And heaven ordains him by thy lance to bleed." So spoke the inspiring god; then took his flight, And plunged amidst the tumult of the fight. The wounded chief, behind his car retired, The helping hand of Sthenelus required; Swift from his seat he leap'd upon the ground, And tugg'd the weapon from the gushing wound; When thus the king his guardian power address'd, The purple current wandering o'er his vest: "O progeny of Jove!

Stabb'd at the sight, Deiphobus drew nigh, And made, with force, the vengeful weapon fly. Merion pursued, at greater distance still, With tardier coursers, and inferior skill. He rose, and first he cast his mantle round, Next on his feet the shining sandals bound; A lion's yellow spoils his back conceal'd; His warlike hand a pointed javelin held.

Denouncing mischief still, Prophet of plagues, for ever boding ill!

(To Ajax thus the Trojan prince replied) Me, as a boy, or woman, wouldst thou fright, New to the field, and trembling at the fight? Did such a spirit as the gods impart Impel one Trojan hand or Trojan heart, (Such as should burn in every soul that draws The sword for glory, and his country's cause) Even yet our mutual arms we might employ, And drag yon carcase to the walls of Troy.

The gates unfolding pour forth all their train; Squadrons on squadrons cloud the dusky plain:

Men, steeds, and chariots shake the trembling ground, The tumult thickens, and the skies resound; And now with shouts the shocking armies closed, To lances lances, shields to shields opposed, Host against host with shadowy legends drew, The sounding darts in iron tempests flew; Victors and vanquish'd join promiscuous cries, Triumphant shouts and dying groans arise; With streaming blood the slippery fields are dyed, And slaughter'd heroes swell the dreadful tide. O hadst thou died beneath the righteous sword Of that brave man whom once I call'd my lord!

Then Bathyclaeus fell beneath his rage, The only hope of Chalcon's trembling age; Wide o'er the land was stretch'd his large domain, With stately seats, and riches blest in vain: Him, bold with youth, and eager to pursue The flying Lycians, Glaucus met and slew; Pierced through the bosom with a sudden wound, He fell, and falling made the fields resound.

But first, try thou my arm; and may this dart End all my country's woes, deep buried in thy heart." The weapon flew, its course unerring held, Unerring, but the heavenly shield repell'd The mortal dart; resulting with a bound From off the ringing orb, it struck the ground.

The war stood still, and all around them gazed, When great Achilles' shining armour blazed: Troy saw, and thought the dread Achilles nigh, At once they see, they tremble, and they fly. As when a lion, rushing from his den, Amidst the plain of some wide-water'd fen, (Where numerous oxen, as at ease they feed, At large expatiate o'er the ranker mead) Leaps on the herds before the herdsman's eyes; The trembling herdsman far to distance flies; Some lordly bull (the rest dispersed and fled) He singles out; arrests, and lays him dead.

The vengeful victor rages round the fields, With every weapon art or fury yields: By the long lance, the sword, or ponderous stone, Whole ranks are broken, and whole troops o'erthrown. Full on the brass descending from above Through six bull-hides the furious weapon drove, Till in the seventh it fix'd. As when two skilful hounds the leveret wind; Or chase through woods obscure the trembling hind; Now lost, now seen, they intercept his way, And from the herd still turn the flying prey: So fast, and with such fears, the Trojan flew; So close, so constant, the bold Greeks pursue.

For Juno, headstrong and imperious still, She claims some title to transgress our will." Swift as the wind, the various-colour'd maid From Ida's top her golden wings display'd; To great Olympus' shining gate she flies, There meets the chariot rushing down the skies, Restrains their progress from the bright abodes, And speaks the mandate of the sire of gods.

These, were the rich immortal prize our own, Through the wide world should make our glory known." Thus while they spoke, the foe came furious on, And stern Lycaon's warlike race begun: "Prince, thou art met.

Hast thou forgot, when, bound and fix'd on high, From the vast concave of the spangled sky, I hung thee trembling in a golden chain, And all the raging gods opposed in vain?

Neptune takes advantage of his slumber, and succours the Greeks: Hector is struck to the ground with a prodigious stone by Ajax, and carried off from the battle: several actions succeed, till the Trojans, much distressed, are obliged to give way: the lesser Ajax signalizes himself in a particular manner.

Hector, with a bound, Springs from his chariot on the trembling ground, In clanging arms: he grasps in either hand A pointed lance, and speeds from band to band; Revives their ardour, turns their steps from flight, And wakes anew the dying flames of fight.

Why should heaven's law with foolish man comply Exempted from the race ordain'd to die?"
This menace fix'd the warrior to his throne; Sullen he sat, and curb'd the rising groan. Yet, nor
the god, nor heaven, should give me fear, Did but the voice of Ajax reach my ear: Still would we
turn, still battle on the plains, And give Achilles all that yet remains Of his and our Patroclus--"
This, no more The time allow'd: Troy thicken'd on the shore.

The forces last in fair array succeed, Which blameless Glaucus and Sarpedon lead The warlike
bands that distant Lycia yields, Where gulfy Xanthus foams along the fields. And yet suppose
these measures I forego, Approach unarm'd, and parley with the foe, The warrior-shield, the
helm, and lance, lay down, And treat on terms of peace to save the town: The wife withheld, the
treasure ill-detain'd (Cause of the war, and grievance of the land) With honourable justice to
restore: And add half Ilion's yet remaining store, Which Troy shall, sworn, produce; that injured
Greece May share our wealth, and leave our walls in peace.

Neptune takes advantage of his slumber, and succours the Greeks: Hector is struck to the
ground with a prodigious stone by Ajax, and carried off from the battle: several actions succeed,
till the Trojans, much distressed, are obliged to give way: the lesser Ajax signalizes himself in a
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the wind, the various-colour'd maid From Ida's top her golden wings display'd; To great
Olympus' shining gate she flies, There meets the chariot rushing down the skies, Restrains their
progress from the bright abodes, And speaks the mandate of the sire of gods.

Next, ripe in yellow gold, a vineyard shines, Bent with the ponderous harvest of its vines; A
deeper dye the dangling clusters show, And curl'd on silver props, in order glow: A darker metal
mix'd intrench'd the place; And pales of glittering tin the inclosure grace. He thus advancing,
Nestor's valiant son Shakes for his danger, and neglects his own; Struck with the thought,
should Helen's lord be slain, And all his country's glorious labours vain.

Hippolochus survived: from him I came, The honour'd author of my birth and name; By his
decree I sought the Trojan town; By his instructions learn to win renown, To stand the first in
worth as in command, To add new honours to my native land, Before my eyes my mighty sires
to place, And emulate the glories of our race." He spoke, and transport fill'd Tydides' heart; In
earth the generous warrior fix'd his dart, Then friendly, thus the Lycian prince address'd:
"Welcome, my brave hereditary guest! Far on the beach they haul their bark to land, (The
crooked keel divides the yellow sand,) Then part, where stretch'd along the winding bay, The
ships and tents in mingled prospect lay. Those, who in skilful archery contend, He next invites
the twanging bow to bend; And twice ten axes casts amidst the round, Ten double-edged, and
ten that singly wound The mast, which late a first-rate galley bore, The hero fixes in the sandy
shore; To the tall top a milk-white dove they tie, The trembling mark at which their arrows fly.
Ah then, since from this miserable day I cast all hope of my return away; Since, unrevenged, a
hundred ghosts demand The fate of Hector from Achilles' hand; Since here, for brutal courage
far renown'd, I live an idle burden to the ground, (Others in council famed for nobler skill, More
useful to preserve, than I to kill,) Let me--But oh!

I deem'd not Greece so dreadful, while engaged In mutual feuds her king and hero raged; Then,
while we hoped our armies might prevail We boldly camp'd beside a thousand sail.

The unwary Greeks his fury may provoke; Not thus the king in secret council spoke.

Were these not paid thee by the terms we bring, Were rage still harbour'd in the haughty king;
Nor Greece nor all her fortunes should engage Thy friend to plead against so just a rage. Swift
as the wind, to Ida's hills they came, (Fair nurse of fountains, and of savage game) There sat
the eternal; he whose nod controls The trembling world, and shakes the steady poles.

The vengeful victor rages round the fields, With every weapon art or fury yields: By the long
lance, the sword, or ponderous stone, Whole ranks are broken, and whole troops o'erthrown.
Swift his broad falchion fierce Peneleus spread, And from the spouting shoulders struck his
head; To earth at once the head and helmet fly; The lance, yet sticking through the bleeding
eye, The victor seized; and, as aloft he shook The gory visage, thus insulting spoke: "Trojans!
For while around we gazed with wondering eyes, And trembling sought the powers with
sacrifice, Full of his god, the reverend Chalcas cried, 'Ye Grecian warriors!

From rich Paeonia's valleys I command, Arm'd with pretended spears, my native band; Now
shines the tenth bright morning since I came In aid of Ilion to the fields of fame: Axius, who
swells with all the neighbouring rills, And wide around the floated region fills, Begot my sire,
whose spear much glory won: Now lift thy arm, and try that hero's son!" Threatening he said: the
hostile chiefs advance; At once Asteropeus discharged each lance, (For both his dexterous
hands the lance could wield,) One struck, but pierced not, the Vulcanian shield; One razed
Achilles' hand; the spouting blood Spun forth; in earth the fasten'd weapon stood.

Then rising ere he threw, The forceful spear of great Achilles flew, And pierced the Dardan
shield's extremest bound, Where the shrill brass return'd a sharper sound: Through the thin
verge the Pelean weapon glides, And the slight covering of expanded hides.

Thou tread'st on hostile land; Release my knees, thy suppliant arts give o'er, And shake the
purpose of my soul no more." The sire obey'd him, trembling and o'eraw'd.

"Whose weapon strikes yon fluttering bird, shall bear These two-edged axes, terrible in war; The
single, he whose shaft divides the cord." He said: experienced Merion took the word; And skilful
Teucer: in the helm they threw Their lots inscribed, and forth the latter flew. Then lift thy weapon
for a noble blow, Nor fear the vaunting of a mortal foe." This said, and spirit breathed into his
breast, Through the thick troops the embolden'd hero press'd: His venturous act the white-arm'd
queen survey'd, And thus, assembling all the powers, she said: "Behold an action, gods!

'Tis now no time for wisdom or debates; To your own hands are trusted all your fates; And better
far in one decisive strife, One day should end our labour or our life, Than keep this hard-got inch
of barren sands, Still press'd, and press'd by such inglorious hands." The listening Grecians feel
their leader's flame, And every kindling bosom pants for fame. Ilion and Greece no more should
Jove engage, The skies would yield an ampler scene of rage; Guilty and guiltless find an equal
fate And one vast ruin whelm the Olympian state.

Hast thou forgot, when, bound and fix'd on high, From the vast concave of the spangled sky, I
hung thee trembling in a golden chain, And all the raging gods opposed in vain? Deprived of
motion, stiff with stupid fear, Stands all aghast his trembling charioteer, Nor shuns the foe, nor
turns the steeds away, But falls transfix'd, an unresisting prey: Pierced by Antilochus, he pants
beneath The stately car, and labours out his breath.

The trembling Greeks alarm, Shake my broad aegis on thy active arm, Be godlike Hector thy
peculiar care, Swell his bold heart, and urge his strength to war: Let Ilion conquer, till the
Achaian train Fly to their ships and Hellespont again: Then Greece shall breathe from toils." The

godhead said; His will divine the son of Jove obey'd. The vigorous power the trembling car ascends: Shook by her arm, the massy javelin bends: Huge, ponderous, strong! These, were the rich immortal prize our own, Through the wide world should make our glory known." Thus while they spoke, the foe came furious on, And stern Lycaon's warlike race begun: "Prince, thou art met. Achilles should be lost, The pride of Greece, and bulwark of our host." This said, he ceased.

Whose resistless hand First seized a ship on that contested strand; The same which dead Protesilaus bore, The first that touch'd the unhappy Trojan shore: For this in arms the warring nations stood, And bathed their generous breasts with mutual blood. As on the fleecy flocks when hunger calls, Amidst the field a brindled lion falls; If chance some shepherd with a distant dart The savage wound, he rouses at the smart, He foams, he roars; the shepherd dares not stay, But trembling leaves the scattering flocks a prey; Heaps fall on heaps; he bathes with blood the ground, Then leaps victorious o'er the lofty mound. The god of ocean, marching stern before, With his huge trident wounds the trembling shore, Vast stones and piles from their foundation heaves, And whelms the smoky ruin in the waves.

As the red comet, from Saturnius sent To fright the nations with a dire portent, (A fatal sign to armies on the plain, Or trembling sailors on the wintry main,) With sweeping glories glides along in air, And shakes the sparkles from its blazing hair: Between both armies thus, in open sight Shot the bright goddess in a trail of light, With eyes erect the gazing hosts admire The power descending, and the heavens on fire!

But heaven its gifts not all at once bestows, These years with wisdom crowns, with action those: The field of combat fits the young and bold, The solemn council best becomes the old: To you the glorious conflict I resign, Let sage advice, the palm of age, be mine." He said.

So when the embattled clouds in dark array, Along the skies their gloomy lines display; When now the North his boisterous rage has spent, And peaceful sleeps the liquid element: The low-hung vapours, motionless and still, Rest on the summits of the shaded hill; Till the mass scatters as the winds arise, Dispersed and broken through the ruffled skies. Then Bathyclaeus fell beneath his rage, The only hope of Chalcon's trembling age; Wide o'er the land was stretch'd his large domain, With stately seats, and riches blest in vain: Him, bold with youth, and eager to pursue The flying Lycians, Glaucus met and slew; Pierced through the bosom with a sudden wound, He fell, and falling made the fields resound.

Then give thy warrior-chief a warrior's due, Who dares to act whate'er thou dar'st to view." Struck with his generous wrath, the king replies: "O great in action, and in council wise! Antilochus, more humorous than the rest, Takes the last prize, and takes it with a jest: "Why with our wiser elders should we strive?

To punish lawless lust, And lay the Trojan gasping in the dust: Destroy the aggressor, aid my righteous cause, Avenge the breach of hospitable laws!

Then, first, Leocritus beneath him bled, In vain beloved by valiant Lycomede; Who view'd his fall, and, grieving at the chance, Swift to revenge it sent his angry lance; The whirling lance, with vigorous force address'd, Descends, and pants in Apisaon's breast; From rich Paeonia's vales the warrior came, Next thee, Asteropeus! Grant him, like me, to purchase just renown, To guard the Trojans, to defend the crown, Against his country's foes the war to wage, And rise the Hector of the future age!

Then rushing from his tent, he snatch'd in haste His steely lance, that lighten'd as he pass'd. The weapon flies At Hector's breast, and sings along the skies: He miss'd the mark; but pierced Gorgythio's heart, And drench'd in royal blood the thirsty dart.

Urge those who stand, and those who faint, excite; Drown Hector's vaunts in loud exhorts of fight; Conquest, not safety, fill the thoughts of all; Seek not your fleet, but sally from the wall; So Jove once more may drive their routed train, And Troy lie trembling in her walls again." Their ardour kindles all the Grecian powers; And now the stones descend in heavier showers.

No--once a traitor, thou betray'st no more." Sternly he spoke, and as the wretch prepared With humble blandishment to stroke his beard, Like lightning swift the wrathful falchion flew, Divides the neck, and cuts the nerves in two; One instant snatch'd his trembling soul to hell, The head, yet speaking, mutter'd as it fell.

O hadst thou died beneath the righteous sword Of that brave man whom once I call'd my lord! Where are thy threats, and where thy glorious boast, That propp'd alone by Priam's race should stand Troy's sacred walls, nor need a foreign hand?

'Tis now no time for wisdom or debates; To your own hands are trusted all your fates; And better far in one decisive strife, One day should end our labour or our life, Than keep this hard-got inch of barren sands, Still press'd, and press'd by such inglorious hands." The listening Grecians feel their leader's flame, And every kindling bosom pants for fame.

The vigorous power the trembling car ascends, Fierce for revenge; and Diomed attends: The groaning axle bent beneath the load; So great a hero, and so great a god. The vengeful victor rages round the fields, With every weapon art or fury yields: By the long lance, the sword, or ponderous stone, Whole ranks are broken, and whole troops o'erthrown.

Now while my brightest arms my limbs invest, To Saturn's son be all your vows address'd: But pray in secret, lest the foes should hear, And deem your prayers the mean effect of fear.

What honour, and what love, shall I obtain, If I compose those fatal feuds again; Once more their minds in mutual ties engage, And, what my youth has owed, repay their age!" She said.

Too much has Troy already felt thy hate, Now breathe thy rage, and hush the stern debate; This day, the business of the field suspend; War soon shall kindle, and great Ilion bend; Since vengeful goddesses confederate join To raze her walls, though built by hands divine." To whom the progeny of Jove replies: "I left, for this, the council of the skies: But who shall bid conflicting hosts forbear, What art shall calm the furious sons of war?" To her the god: "Great Hector's soul incite To dare the boldest Greek to single fight, Till Greece, provoked, from all her numbers show A warrior worthy to be Hector's foe." At this agreed, the heavenly powers withdrew; Sage Helenus their secret counsels knew; Hector, inspired, he sought: to him address'd, Thus told the dictates of his sacred breast: "O son of Priam! The vigorous power the trembling car ascends, Fierce for revenge; and Diomed attends: The groaning axle bent beneath the load; So great a hero, and so great a god.

As on the fleecy flocks when hunger calls, Amidst the field a brindled lion falls; If chance some shepherd with a distant dart The savage wound, he rouses at the smart, He foams, he roars; the shepherd dares not stay, But trembling leaves the scattering flocks a prey; Heaps fall on heaps; he bathes with blood the ground, Then leaps victorious o'er the lofty mound. Too much has Troy already felt thy hate, Now breathe thy rage, and hush the stern debate; This day, the business of the field suspend; War soon shall kindle, and great Ilion bend; Since vengeful goddesses

confederate join To raze her walls, though built by hands divine." To whom the progeny of Jove replies: "I left, for this, the council of the skies: But who shall bid conflicting hosts forbear, What art shall calm the furious sons of war?" To her the god: "Great Hector's soul incite To dare the boldest Greek to single fight, Till Greece, provoked, from all her numbers show A warrior worthy to be Hector's foe." At this agreed, the heavenly powers withdrew; Sage Helenus their secret counsels knew; Hector, inspired, he sought: to him address'd, Thus told the dictates of his sacred breast: "O son of Priam!

Murmuring they move, as when old ocean roars, And heaves huge surges to the trembling shores; The groaning banks are burst with bellowing sound, The rocks remurmur and the deeps rebound.

Thy wrath withhold, The laws of council bid my tongue be bold.

Bacchus, and Bacchus' votaries, he drove, With brandish'd steel, from Nyssa's sacred grove: Their consecrated spears lay scatter'd round, With curling vines and twisted ivy bound; While Bacchus headlong sought the briny flood, And Thetis' arms received the trembling god.

Both armies start, and trembling gaze around; And earth and heaven re-bellow to the sound. The war stood still, and all around them gazed, When great Achilles' shining armour blazed: Troy saw, and thought the dread Achilles nigh, At once they see, they tremble, and they fly.

"Whose weapon strikes yon fluttering bird, shall bear These two-edged axes, terrible in war; The single, he whose shaft divides the cord." He said: experienced Merion took the word; And skilful Teucer: in the helm they threw Their lots inscribed, and forth the latter flew.

The steeds fly trembling from his waving sword, And many a car, now lighted of its lord, Wide o'er the field with guideless fury rolls, Breaking their ranks, and crushing out their souls; While his keen falchion drinks the warriors' lives; More grateful, now, to vultures than their wives!

In me that father's reverend image trace, Those silver hairs, that venerable face; His trembling limbs, his helpless person, see! The forces last in fair array succeed, Which blameless Glaucus and Sarpedon lead The warlike bands that distant Lycia yields, Where gulfy Xanthus foams along the fields. Through breaking ranks his furious course he bends, And at the goddess his broad lance extends; Through her bright veil the daring weapon drove, The ambrosial veil which all the Graces wove; Her snowy hand the razing steel profaned, And the transparent skin with crimson stain'd, From the clear vein a stream immortal flow'd, Such stream as issues from a wounded god; Pure emanation!

Cursed be that day, when all the powers above Thy charms submitted to a mortal love: O hadst thou still, a sister of the main, Pursued the pleasures of the watery reign: And happier Peleus, less ambitious, led A mortal beauty to his equal bed!

Then cleansed his hands; and fixing for a space His eyes on heaven, his feet upon the place Of sacrifice, the purple draught he pour'd Forth in the midst; and thus the god implored: "O thou supreme! How vain the word to Menelaus given By Jove's great daughter and the queen of heaven, Beneath his arms that Priam's towers should fall, If warring gods for ever guard the wall!

The field shall prove how perjuries succeed, And chains or death avenge the impious deed." Charm'd with this heat, the king his course pursues, And next the troops of either Ajax views: In one firm orb the bands were ranged around, A cloud of heroes blacken'd all the ground.

Then Bathyclaeus fell beneath his rage, The only hope of Chalcon's trembling age; Wide o'er

the land was stretch'd his large domain, With stately seats, and riches blest in vain: Him, bold with youth, and eager to pursue The flying Lycians, Glaucus met and slew; Pierced through the bosom with a sudden wound, He fell, and falling made the fields resound. A wretch, whom in his rage (All trembling on the verge of helpless age) Great Jove has placed, sad spectacle of pain! To whom the mournful mother thus replies: (The crystal drops stood trembling in her eyes:) "O Vulcan!

Hector beheld his javelin fall in vain, Nor other lance, nor other hope remain; He calls Deiphobus, demands a spear-- In vain, for no Deiphobus was there.

The forces last in fair array succeed, Which blameless Glaucus and Sarpedon lead The warlike bands that distant Lycia yields, Where gulfy Xanthus foams along the fields.

Full at the chief, above his courser's head, From Mars's arm the enormous weapon fled: Pallas opposed her hand, and caused to glance Far from the car the strong immortal lance.

Merion pursued, at greater distance still, With tardier coursers, and inferior skill. As when two skilful hounds the leveret wind; Or chase through woods obscure the trembling hind; Now lost, now seen, they intercept his way, And from the herd still turn the flying prey: So fast, and with such fears, the Trojan flew; So close, so constant, the bold Greeks pursue.

If I but stretch this hand, I heave the gods, the ocean, and the land; I fix the chain to great Olympus' height, And the vast world hangs trembling in my sight!

Whate'er bold Trojan arm'd his daring hands, Against the sable ships, with flaming brands, So well the chief his naval weapon sped, The luckless warrior at his stern lay dead: Full twelve, the boldest, in a moment fell, Sent by great Ajax to the shades of hell.

Heedless, they who boast Both parents still, nor feel what he has lost, Shall cry, 'Begone! As when two skilful hounds the leveret wind; Or chase through woods obscure the trembling hind; Now lost, now seen, they intercept his way, And from the herd still turn the flying prey: So fast, and with such fears, the Trojan flew; So close, so constant, the bold Greeks pursue.

Neptune takes advantage of his slumber, and succours the Greeks: Hector is struck to the ground with a prodigious stone by Ajax, and carried off from the battle: several actions succeed, till the Trojans, much distressed, are obliged to give way: the lesser Ajax signalizes himself in a particular manner. We greet not here, as man conversing man, Met at an oak, or journeying o'er a plain; No season now for calm familiar talk, Like youths and maidens in an evening walk: War is our business, but to whom is given To die, or triumph, that, determine Heaven!" Thus pondering, like a god the Greek drew nigh; His dreadful plumage nodded from on high; The Pelian javelin, in his better hand, Shot trembling rays that glitter'd o'er the land; And on his breast the beamy splendour shone, Like Jove's own lightning, or the rising sun.

Here Hector, plunging through the thickest fight, Broke the dark phalanx, and let in the light: (By the long lance, the sword, or ponderous stone, The ranks he scatter'd and the troops o'erthrown:) Ajax he shuns, through all the dire debate, And fears that arm whose force he felt so late. Nor boast the scratch thy feeble arrow gave, A coward's weapon never hurts the brave. The sons of Priam with the third appear, Deiphobus, and Helenas the seer; In arms with these the mighty Asius stood, Who drew from Hyrtacus his noble blood, And whom Arisba's yellow coursers bore, The coursers fed on Selle's winding shore.

Though late in vain assail'd, The spear may enter where the arrow fail'd." He said, then shook the ponderous lance, and flung; On his broad shield the sounding weapon rung, Pierced the

tough orb, and in his cuirass hung, "He bleeds! Could all our care elude the gloomy grave, Which claims no less the fearful and the brave, For lust of fame I should not vainly dare In fighting fields, nor urge thy soul to war.

O would the gods, in love to Greece, decree But ten such sages as they grant in thee; Such wisdom soon should Priam's force destroy, And soon should fall the haughty towers of Troy! What honour, and what love, shall I obtain, If I compose those fatal feuds again; Once more their minds in mutual ties engage, And, what my youth has owed, repay their age!" She said. But great Achilles stands apart in prayer, And from his head divides the yellow hair; Those curling locks which from his youth he vow'd, And sacred grew, to Sperchius' honour'd flood: Then sighing, to the deep his locks he cast, And roll'd his eyes around the watery waste: "Sperchius!

No--once a traitor, thou betray'st no more." Sternly he spoke, and as the wretch prepared With humble blandishment to stroke his beard, Like lightning swift the wrathful falchion flew, Divides the neck, and cuts the nerves in two; One instant snatch'd his trembling soul to hell, The head, yet speaking, mutter'd as it fell.

Raging with grief, great Menelaus burns, And fraught with vengeance, to the victor turns: That shook the ponderous lance, in act to throw; And this stood adverse with the bended bow: Full on his breast the Trojan arrow fell, But harmless bounded from the plated steel.

Silent the warrior smiled, and pleased resign'd To tender passions all his mighty mind; His beauteous princess cast a mournful look, Hung on his hand, and then dejected spoke; Her bosom laboured with a boding sigh, And the big tear stood trembling in her eye. Grieved though thou art, forbear the rash design; Great Hector's arm is mightier far than thine: Even fierce Achilles learn'd its force to fear, And trembling met this dreadful son of war.

Lift the bold lance, and make some Trojan bleed." He said; and backward to the lines retired; Forth rush'd the youth with martial fury fired, Beyond the foremost ranks; his lance he threw, And round the black battalions cast his view. Grieved though thou art, forbear the rash design; Great Hector's arm is mightier far than thine: Even fierce Achilles learn'd its force to fear, And trembling met this dreadful son of war. Phoebus it was; who, in his latest hour, Endued his knees with strength, his nerves with power: And great Achilles, lest some Greek's advance Should snatch the glory from his lifted lance, Sign'd to the troops to yield his foe the way, And leave untouched the honours of the day.

"Whose weapon strikes yon fluttering bird, shall bear These two-edged axes, terrible in war; The single, he whose shaft divides the cord." He said: experienced Merion took the word; And skilful Teucer: in the helm they threw Their lots inscribed, and forth the latter flew. Yet on the verge of battle let us stay, And for a moment's space suspend the day; Let Heaven's high powers be call'd to arbitrate The just conditions of this stern debate, (Eternal witnesses of all below, And faithful guardians of the treasured vow!) To them I swear; if, victor in the strife, Jove by these hands shall shed thy noble life, No vile dishonour shall thy corse pursue; Stripp'd of its arms alone (the conqueror's due) The rest to Greece uninjured I'll restore: Now plight thy mutual oath, I ask no more." "Talk not of oaths (the dreadful chief replies, While anger flash'd from his disdainful eyes), Detested as thou art, and ought to be, Nor oath nor pact Achilles plights with thee: Such pacts as lambs and rabid wolves combine, Such leagues as men and furious lions join, To such I call the gods!

The gallant man, though slain in fight he be, Yet leaves his nation safe, his children free; Entails a debt on all the grateful state; His own brave friends shall glory in his fate; His wife live honour'd, all his race succeed, And late posterity enjoy the deed!" This roused the soul in every Trojan breast: The godlike Ajax next his Greeks address'd: "How long, ye warriors of the Argive race, (To generous Argos what a dire disgrace!) How long on these cursed confines will ye lie, Yet undetermined, or to live or die? The gallant man, though slain in fight he be, Yet leaves his nation safe, his children free; Entails a debt on all the grateful state; His own brave friends shall glory in his fate; His wife live honour'd, all his race succeed, And late posterity enjoy the deed!" This roused the soul in every Trojan breast: The godlike Ajax next his Greeks address'd: "How long, ye warriors of the Argive race, (To generous Argos what a dire disgrace!) How long on these cursed confines will ye lie, Yet undetermined, or to live or die?

Tyndides and Ulysses first appear, Lame with their wounds, and leaning on the spear; These on the sacred seats of council placed, The king of men, Atrides, came the last: He too sore wounded by Agenor's son.

From rich Paeonia's valleys I command, Arm'd with pretended spears, my native band; Now shines the tenth bright morning since I came In aid of Ilion to the fields of fame: Axius, who swells with all the neighbouring rills, And wide around the floated region fills, Begot my sire, whose spear much glory won: Now lift thy arm, and try that hero's son!" Threatening he said: the hostile chiefs advance; At once Asteropeus discharged each lance, (For both his dexterous hands the lance could wield,) One struck, but pierced not, the Vulcanian shield; One razed Achilles' hand; the spouting blood Spun forth; in earth the fasten'd weapon stood.

Meantime the townsmen, arm'd with silent care, A secret ambush on the foe prepare: Their wives, their children, and the watchful band Of trembling parents, on the turrets stand.

Now through the trembling shores Minerva calls, And now she thunders from the Grecian walls. To seize his beamy helm the victor flies, And just had fastened on the dazzling prize, When Ajax' manly arm a javelin flung; Full on the shield's round boss the weapon rung; He felt the shock, nor more was doom'd to feel, Secure in mail, and sheath'd in shining steel.

Jupiter assembles a council of the deities, and threatens them with the pains of Tartarus if they assist either side: Minerva only obtains of him that she may direct the Greeks by her counsels. The armies join battle: Jupiter on Mount Ida weighs in his balances the fates of both, and affrights the Greeks with his thunders and lightnings.

The parting heroes mutual presents left; A golden goblet was thy grandsire's gift; Oeneus a belt of matchless work bestowed, That rich with Tyrian dye resplendent glow'd. Yet singly, now, the long-disputed prize He bears victorious, while our army flies: By the same arm illustrious Podess bled; The friend of Hector, unrevenged, is dead!" This heard, o'er Hector spreads a cloud of woe, Rage lifts his lance, and drives him on the foe.

Scarce can my knees these trembling limbs sustain, And scarce my heart support its load of pain. As through the forest, o'er the vale and lawn, The well-breath'd beagle drives the flying fawn, In vain he tries the covert of the brakes, Or deep beneath the trembling thicket shakes; Sure of the vapour in the tainted dews, The certain hound his various maze pursues. But bear we this--the wrongs I grieve are past; 'Tis time our fury should relent at last: I fix'd its date; the day I wish'd appears: How Hector to my ships his battle bears, The flames my eyes, the shouts invade my ears.

Would the gods but breathe in all the rest Such souls as burn in your exalted breast, Soon should our arms with just success be crown'd, And Troy's proud walls lie smoking on the ground." Then to the next the general bends his course; (His heart exults, and glories in his force); There reverend Nestor ranks his Pylian bands, And with inspiring eloquence commands; With strictest order sets his train in arms, The chiefs advises, and the soldiers warms.

The frighted Trojans (panting from the war, Their steeds unharness'd from the weary car) A sudden council call'd: each chief appear'd In haste, and standing; for to sit they fear'd. In that dangerous hour The gods forget not, nor thy guardian power, Pallas assists, and (weakened in its force) Diverts the weapon from its destined course: So from her babe, when slumber seals his eye, The watchful mother wafts the envenom'd fly.

But should they turn, and here oppress our train, What hopes, what methods of retreat remain? Whose resistless hand First seized a ship on that contested strand; The same which dead Protesilaus bore, The first that touch'd the unhappy Trojan shore: For this in arms the warring nations stood, And bathed their generous breasts with mutual blood. Then from my fury fled the trembling swains, And ours was all the plunder of the plains: Fifty white flocks, full fifty herds of swine, As many goats, as many lowing kine: And thrice the number of unrivall'd steeds, All teeming females, and of generous breeds.

Hector, the peers assembling in his tent, A council holds at Ilus' monument.

Could all our care elude the gloomy grave, Which claims no less the fearful and the brave, For lust of fame I should not vainly dare In fighting fields, nor urge thy soul to war.

Respect your fame, Respect yourselves, and learn an honest shame: Let mutual reverence mutual warmth inspire, And catch from breast to breast the noble fire, On valour's side the odds of combat lie; The brave live glorious, or lamented die; The wretch that trembles in the field of fame, Meets death, and worse than death, eternal shame." His generous sense he not in vain imparts; It sunk, and rooted in the Grecian hearts: They join, they throng, they thicken at his call, And flank the navy with a brazen wall; Shields touching shields, in order blaze above, And stop the Trojans, though impell'd by Jove.

The towering chiefs to fiercer fight advance: And first Sarpedon whirl'd his weighty lance, Which o'er the warrior's shoulder took its course, And spent in empty air its dying force.

As through the forest, o'er the vale and lawn, The well-breath'd beagle drives the flying fawn, In vain he tries the covert of the brakes, Or deep beneath the trembling thicket shakes; Sure of the vapour in the tainted dews, The certain hound his various maze pursues.

What couldst thou hope, should these thy treasures view; These, who with endless hate thy race pursue? "Warriors like you, with strength and wisdom bless'd, By brave examples should confirm the rest.

I deem'd not Greece so dreadful, while engaged In mutual feuds her king and hero raged; Then, while we hoped our armies might prevail We boldly camp'd beside a thousand sail. The gallant man, though slain in fight he be, Yet leaves his nation safe, his children free; Entails a debt on all the grateful state; His own brave friends shall glory in his fate; His wife live honour'd, all his race succeed, And late posterity enjoy the deed!" This roused the soul in every Trojan breast: The godlike Ajax next his Greeks address'd: "How long, ye warriors of the Argive race, (To generous Argos what a dire disgrace!) How long on these cursed confines will ye lie, Yet undetermined, or to live or die?

The towering chiefs to fiercer fight advance: And first Sarpedon whirl'd his weighty lance, Which o'er the warrior's shoulder took its course, And spent in empty air its dying force.

The vigorous power the trembling car ascends: Shook by her arm, the massy javelin bends: Huge, ponderous, strong!

Proud of his deed, and glorious in the prize, Affrighted Troy the towering victor flies: Flies, as before some mountain lion's ire The village curs and trembling swains retire, When o'er the slaughter'd bull they hear him roar, And see his jaws distil with smoking gore: All pale with fear, at distance scatter'd round, They shout incessant, and the vales resound.

To whom the mournful mother thus replies: (The crystal drops stood trembling in her eyes:) "O Vulcan!

"Be still, thou slave, and to thy betters yield; Unknown alike in council and in field!

"Not so (the dame replied), I haste to go To sacred Ocean, and the floods below: Even now our solemn hecatombs attend, And heaven is feasting on the world's green end With righteous Ethiops (uncorrupted train!) Far on the extremest limits of the main. The trembling priest along the shore return'd, And in the anguish of a father mourn'd. Once more bold Teucer, in his country's cause, At Hector's breast a chosen arrow draws: And had the weapon found the destined way, Thy fall, great Trojan!

Else should this hand, this hour decide the strife, The great dispute, of glory, or of life." He spoke, and all, as with one soul, obey'd; Their lifted bucklers cast a dreadful shade Around the chief.

Be thy care; Pallas and I, by all that gods can bind, Have sworn destruction to the Trojan kind; Not even an instant to protract their fate, Or save one member of the sinking state; Till her last flame be quench'd with her last gore, And even her crumbling ruins are no more." The king of ocean to the fight descends, Through all the whistling darts his course he bends, Swift interposed between the warrior flies, And casts thick darkness o'er Achilles' eyes. From great AEneas' shield the spear he drew, And at his master's feet the weapon threw.

The vigorous power the trembling car ascends: Shook by her arm, the massy javelin bends: Huge, ponderous, strong! Alone untouch'd, Pelides' javelin stands, Not to be poised but by Pelides' hands: From Pelion's shady brow the plant entire Old Chiron rent, and shaped it for his sire; Whose son's great arm alone the weapon wields, The death of heroes, and the dread of fields.

Proud of his deed, and glorious in the prize, Affrighted Troy the towering victor flies: Flies, as before some mountain lion's ire The village curs and trembling swains retire, When o'er the slaughter'd bull they hear him roar, And see his jaws distil with smoking gore: All pale with fear, at distance scatter'd round, They shout incessant, and the vales resound.

So lies a bull beneath the lion's paws, While the grim savage grinds with foamy jaws The trembling limbs, and sucks the smoking blood; Deep groans, and hollow roars, rebe low through the wood.

Of power superior why should I complain?

The unwary Greeks his fury may provoke; Not thus the king in secret council spoke. Suppose some hero should his spoils resign, Art thou that hero, could those spoils be thine?

Then lift thy weapon for a noble blow, Nor fear the vaunting of a mortal foe." This said, and spirit breathed into his breast, Through the thick troops the embolden'd hero press'd: His venturous

act the white-arm'd queen survey'd, And thus, assembling all the powers, she said: "Behold an action, gods!

These, were the rich immortal prize our own, Through the wide world should make our glory known." Thus while they spoke, the foe came furious on, And stern Lycaon's warlike race begun: "Prince, thou art met. Would the gods but breathe in all the rest Such souls as burn in your exalted breast, Soon should our arms with just success be crown'd, And Troy's proud walls lie smoking on the ground." Then to the next the general bends his course; (His heart exults, and glories in his force); There reverend Nestor ranks his Pylian bands, And with inspiring eloquence commands; With strictest order sets his train in arms, The chiefs advises, and the soldiers warms.

The sage Ulysses thus replies, While anger flash'd from his disdainful eyes: "What shameful words (unkingly as thou art) Fall from that trembling tongue and timorous heart? The weapon entered close above his ear, Cold through his temples glides the whizzing spear; With piercing shrieks the youth resigns his breath, His eye-balls darken with the shades of death; Ponderous he falls; his clanging arms resound, And his broad buckler rings against the ground.

The wounded chief, behind his car retired, The helping hand of Sthenelus required; Swift from his seat he leap'd upon the ground, And tugg'd the weapon from the gushing wound; When thus the king his guardian power address'd, The purple current wandering o'er his vest: "O progeny of Jove!

The trembling Greeks alarm, Shake my broad aegis on thy active arm, Be godlike Hector thy peculiar care, Swell his bold heart, and urge his strength to war: Let Ilion conquer, till the Achaian train Fly to their ships and Hellespont again: Then Greece shall breathe from toils." The godhead said; His will divine the son of Jove obey'd.

Jupiter, upon Achilles' return to the battle, calls a council of the gods, and permits them to assist either party. Grieved though thou art, forbear the rash design; Great Hector's arm is mightier far than thine: Even fierce Achilles learn'd its force to fear, And trembling met this dreadful son of war.

The gods deliberate in council concerning the Trojan war: they agree upon the continuation of it, and Jupiter sends down Minerva to break the truce.

So when the embattled clouds in dark array, Along the skies their gloomy lines display; When now the North his boisterous rage has spent, And peaceful sleeps the liquid element: The low-hung vapours, motionless and still, Rest on the summits of the shaded hill; Till the mass scatters as the winds arise, Dispersed and broken through the ruffled skies. Not Hector's self should want an equal foe.

Was not the mandate of the sire above Full and express, that Phoebus should employ His sacred arrows in defence of Troy, And make her conquer, till Hyperion's fall In awful darkness hide the face of all?" He spoke in vain--The chief without dismay Ploughs through the boiling surge his desperate way.

His son, and godlike Merion, march'd behind (For these the princes to their council join'd). With piercing shrieks his bitter fate she moans, While the sad father answers groans with groans, Tears after tears his mournful cheeks o'erflow, And the whole city wears one face of woe: No less than if the rage of hostile fires, From her foundations curling to her spires, O'er the proud citadel at length should rise, And the last blaze send Ilion to the skies. The weapon flies At

Hector's breast, and sings along the skies: He miss'd the mark; but pierced Gorgythio's heart, And drench'd in royal blood the thirsty dart.

Swift his broad falchion fierce Peneleus spread, And from the spouting shoulders struck his head; To earth at once the head and helmet fly; The lance, yet sticking through the bleeding eye, The victor seized; and, as aloft he shook The gory visage, thus insulting spoke: "Trojans! All thy force employ, Assemble all the united bands of Troy; In just array let every leader call The foreign troops: this day demands them all!" The voice divine the mighty chief alarms; The council breaks, the warriors rush to arms. To Mars, who sat remote, they bent their way: Far, on the left, with clouds involved he lay; Beside him stood his lance, distain'd with gore, And, rein'd with gold, his foaming steeds before.

Here with the cordial draught dispel thy care, Let Hecamede the strengthening bath prepare, Refresh thy wound, and cleanse the clotted gore; While I the adventures of the day explore." He said: and, seizing Thrasymedes' shield, (His valiant offspring,) hasten'd to the field; (That day the son his father's buckler bore;) Then snatch'd a lance, and issued from the door.

Before the king Jove's messenger appears, And thus in whispers greets his trembling ears: "Fear not, O father!

Soon as the rosy morn had waked the day, To the black ships Idaeus bent his way; There, to the sons of Mars, in council found, He raised his voice: the host stood listening round. Yet on the verge of battle let us stay, And for a moment's space suspend the day; Let Heaven's high powers be call'd to arbitrate The just conditions of this stern debate, (Eternal witnesses of all below, And faithful guardians of the treasured vow!) To them I swear; if, victor in the strife, Jove by these hands shall shed thy noble life, No vile dishonour shall thy corse pursue; Stripp'd of its arms alone (the conqueror's due) The rest to Greece uninjured I'll restore: Now plight thy mutual oath, I ask no more." "Talk not of oaths (the dreadful chief replies, While anger flash'd from his disdainful eyes), Detested as thou art, and ought to be, Nor oath nor pact Achilles plights with thee: Such pacts as lambs and rabid wolves combine, Such leagues as men and furious lions join, To such I call the gods!

Where in dust the great Sarpedon lies, In action valiant, and in council wise, Who guarded right, and kept his people free; To all his Lycians lost, and lost to thee! As when a lion, rushing from his den, Amidst the plain of some wide-water'd fen, (Where numerous oxen, as at ease they feed, At large expatiate o'er the ranker mead) Leaps on the herds before the herdsman's eyes; The trembling herdsman far to distance flies; Some lordly bull (the rest dispersed and fled) He singles out; arrests, and lays him dead. O would the gods, in love to Greece, decree But ten such sages as they grant in thee; Such wisdom soon should Priam's force destroy, And soon should fall the haughty towers of Troy!

Denouncing mischief still, Prophet of plagues, for ever boding ill! As torrents roll, increased by numerous rills, With rage impetuous, down their echoing hills Rush to the vales, and pour'd along the plain, Roar through a thousand channels to the main: The distant shepherd trembling hears the sound; So mix both hosts, and so their cries rebound. Then cleansed his hands; and fixing for a space His eyes on heaven, his feet upon the place Of sacrifice, the purple draught he pour'd forth in the midst; and thus the god implored: "O thou supreme!

To seize his beamy helm the victor flies, And just had fastened on the dazzling prize, When Ajax' manly arm a javelin flung; Full on the shield's round boss the weapon rung; He felt the

shock, nor more was doom'd to feel, Secure in mail, and sheath'd in shining steel. Die then,"--He said; and as the word he spoke, The fainting stripling sank before the stroke: His hand forgot its grasp, and left the spear, While all his trembling frame confess'd his fear: Sudden, Achilles his broad sword display'd, And buried in his neck the reeking blade. Where in dust the great Sarpedon lies, In action valiant, and in council wise, Who guarded right, and kept his people free; To all his Lycians lost, and lost to thee! Then give thy warrior-chief a warrior's due, Who dares to act whate'er thou dar'st to view." Struck with his generous wrath, the king replies: "O great in action, and in council wise! The insulting victor with disdain bestrode The prostrate prince, and on his bosom trod; Then drew the weapon from his panting heart, The reeking fibres clinging to the dart; From the wide wound gush'd out a stream of blood, And the soul issued in the purple flood. And can ye see this righteous chief atone With guiltless blood for vices not his own? But bear we this--the wrongs I grieve are past; 'Tis time our fury should relent at last: I fix'd its date; the day I wish'd appears: How Hector to my ships his battle bears, The flames my eyes, the shouts invade my ears. What more, should Neoptolemus the brave, My only offspring, sink into the grave? If this be false, heaven all its vengeance shed, And levell'd thunder strike my guilty head!" With that, his weapon deep inflicts the wound; The bleeding savage tumbles to the ground; The sacred herald rolls the victim slain (A feast for fish) into the foaming main. Graced above the rest In seats of council and the sumptuous feast: Now hope no more those honours from thy train; Go less than woman, in the form of man! The victors keep the field; and Hector calls A martial council near the navy walls; These to Scamander's bank apart he led, Where thinly scatter'd lay the heaps of dead. You should have fear'd, what now you feel; Achilles absent was Achilles still: Yet a short space the great avenger stayed, Then low in dust thy strength and glory laid. The towering chiefs to fiercer fight advance: And first Sarpedon whirl'd his weighty lance, Which o'er the warrior's shoulder took its course, And spent in empty air its dying force. Grieved though thou art, forbear the rash design; Great Hector's arm is mightier far than thine: Even fierce Achilles learn'd its force to fear, And trembling met this dreadful son of war. The gates unfolding pour forth all their train, Nations on nations fill the dusky plain, Men, steeds, and chariots, shake the trembling ground: The tumult thickens, and the skies resound. The unwary Greeks his fury may provoke; Not thus the king in secret council spoke. (His friends, each busied in his several part, Through haste, or danger, had not drawn the dart.) The Greeks with slain Tlepolemus retired; Whose fall Ulysses view'd, with fury fired; Doubtful if Jove's great son he should pursue, Or pour his vengeance on the Lycian crew. To guard his life, and add to his renown, We, the great armament of heaven, came down. To close the funeral games, Achilles last A massy spear amid the circle placed, And ample charger of unsullied frame, With flowers high-wrought, not blacken'd yet by flame. A place there was, yet undefiled with gore, The spot where Hector stopp'd his rage before; When night descending, from his vengeful hand Reprieved the relics of the Grecian band: (The plain beside with mangled corps was spread, And all his progress mark'd by heaps of dead:) There sat the mournful kings: when Neleus' son, The council opening, in these words begun: "Is there (said he) a chief so greatly brave, His life to hazard, and his country save?"

For Juno, headstrong and imperious still, She claims some title to transgress our will." Swift as the wind, the various-colour'd maid From Ida's top her golden wings display'd; To great Olympus' shining gate she flies, There meets the chariot rushing down the skies, Restrains their progress from the bright abodes, And speaks the mandate of the sire of gods.

"This pest he slaughter'd, (for he read the skies, And trusted heaven's informing prodigies,) Then met in arms the Solymaean crew, (Fiercest of men,) and those the warrior slew; Next the bold Amazons' whole force defied; And conquer'd still, for heaven was on his side.

To seize his beamy helm the victor flies, And just had fastened on the dazzling prize, When Ajax' manly arm a javelin flung; Full on the shield's round boss the weapon rung; He felt the shock, nor more was doom'd to feel, Secure in mail, and sheath'd in shining steel.

From fields forbidden we submiss refrain, With arms unaiding see our Argives slain; Yet grant our counsels still their breasts may move, Lest all should perish in the rage of Jove." The goddess thus; and thus the god replies, Who swells the clouds, and blackens all the skies: "The morning sun, awaked by loud alarms, Shall see the almighty Thunderer in arms. Then rushing from his tent, he snatch'd in haste His steely lance, that lighten'd as he pass'd.

Jupiter assembles a council of the deities, and threatens them with the pains of Tartarus if they assist either side: Minerva only obtains of him that she may direct the Greeks by her counsels. The armies join battle: Jupiter on Mount Ida weighs in his balances the fates of both, and affrights the Greeks with his thunders and lightnings.

The towering chiefs to fiercer fight advance: And first Sarpedon whirl'd his weighty lance, Which o'er the warrior's shoulder took its course, And spent in empty air its dying force. The gates unfolding pour forth all their train, Nations on nations fill the dusky plain, Men, steeds, and chariots, shake the trembling ground: The tumult thickens, and the skies resound. I fear, I fear, lest Greece, not yet undone, Pay the large debt of last revolving sun; Achilles, great Achilles, yet remains On yonder decks, and yet o'erlooks the plains!" The counsel pleased; and Hector, with a bound, Leap'd from his chariot on the trembling ground; Swift as he leap'd his clanging arms resound.

They call a council of war, and determine to send scouts into the enemies' camp, to learn their posture, and discover their intentions.

I deem'd not Greece so dreadful, while engaged In mutual feuds her king and hero raged; Then, while we hoped our armies might prevail We boldly camp'd beside a thousand sail.

Minerva watch'd it falling on the land, Then drew, and gave to great Achilles' hand, Unseen of Hector, who, elate with joy, Now shakes his lance, and braves the dread of Troy.

Both armies start, and trembling gaze around; And earth and heaven re-bellow to the sound. The spouse of Helen, dealing darts around, Had pierced Machaon with a distant wound: In his right shoulder the broad shaft appear'd, And trembling Greece for her physician fear'd.

Did such a spirit as the gods impart Impel one Trojan hand or Trojan heart, (Such as should burn in every soul that draws The sword for glory, and his country's cause) Even yet our mutual arms we might employ, And drag yon carcase to the walls of Troy. Now while my brightest arms my limbs invest, To Saturn's son be all your vows address'd: But pray in secret, lest the foes should hear, And deem your prayers the mean effect of fear.

Should he see our warriors trembling stand, And trembling all before one hostile hand; How would he lift his aged arms on high, Lament inglorious Greece, and beg to die!

Now change we arms, and prove to either host We guard the friendship of the line we boast." Thus having said, the gallant chiefs alight, Their hands they join, their mutual faith they plight; Brave Glaucus then each narrow thought resign'd, (Jove warm'd his bosom, and enlarged his mind,) For Diomed's brass arms, of mean device, For which nine oxen paid, (a vulgar price,) He gave his own, of gold divinely wrought, A hundred beeves the shining purchase bought.

On valour's side the odds of combat lie, The brave live glorious, or lamented die; The wretch who trembles in the field of fame, Meets death, and worse than death, eternal shame!" These words he seconds with his flying lance, To meet whose point was strong Deicoon's chance: AEneas' friend, and in his native place Honour'd and loved like Priam's royal race: Long had he fought the foremost in the field, But now the monarch's lance transpierced his shield: His shield too weak the furious dart to stay, Through his broad belt the weapon forced its way: The grisly wound dismiss'd his soul to hell, His arms around him rattled as he fell.

The gates unfolding pour forth all their train, Nations on nations fill the dusky plain, Men, steeds, and chariots, shake the trembling ground: The tumult thickens, and the skies resound.

Raging with grief, great Menelaus burns, And fraught with vengeance, to the victor turns: That shook the ponderous lance, in act to throw; And this stood adverse with the bended bow: Full on his breast the Trojan arrow fell, But harmless bounded from the plated steel.

Hector, the peers assembling in his tent, A council holds at Ilus' monument.

From fields forbidden we submiss refrain, With arms unaiding see our Argives slain; Yet grant our counsels still their breasts may move, Lest all should perish in the rage of Jove." The goddess thus; and thus the god replies, Who swells the clouds, and blackens all the skies: "The morning sun, awaked by loud alarms, Shall see the almighty Thunderer in arms.

Great Menelaus views with pitying eyes, Lifts his bright lance, and at the victor flies; Mars urged him on; yet, ruthless in his hate, The god but urged him to provoke his fate.

A sable ewe each leader should provide, With each a sable lambkin by her side; At every rite his share should be increased, And his the foremost honours of the feast." Fear held them mute: alone, untaught to fear, Tydides spoke--"The man you seek is here.

Proud of his deed, and glorious in the prize, Affrighted Troy the towering victor flies: Flies, as before some mountain lion's ire The village curs and trembling swains retire, When o'er the slaughter'd bull they hear him roar, And see his jaws distil with smoking gore: All pale with fear, at distance scatter'd round, They shout incessant, and the vales resound.

Denouncing mischief still, Prophet of plagues, for ever boding ill! Great Hector falls; that Hector famed so far, Drunk with renown, insatiable of war, Falls by thy hand, and mine!

Scarce can my knees these trembling limbs sustain, And scarce my heart support its load of pain.

Next, ripe in yellow gold, a vineyard shines, Bent with the ponderous harvest of its vines; A deeper dye the dangling clusters show, And curl'd on silver props, in order glow: A darker metal mix'd intrench'd the place; And pales of glittering tin the inclosure grace.

Then to the godhead of the silver bow The yellow flood began: "O son of Jove!

For should he 'scape the sword, the common doom, What wrongs attend him, and what griefs to come!

But ere the tenth revolving day was run, Inspired by Juno, Thetis' godlike son Convened to council all the Grecian train; For much the goddess mourn'd her heroes slain. The assembly

seated, rising o'er the rest, Achilles thus the king of men address'd: "Why leave we not the fatal Trojan shore, And measure back the seas we cross'd before? Silent the warrior smiled, and pleased resign'd To tender passions all his mighty mind; His beauteous princess cast a mournful look, Hung on his hand, and then dejected spoke; Her bosom laboured with a boding sigh, And the big tear stood trembling in her eye.

The river here divides the flying train, Part to the town fly diverse o'er the plain, Where late their troops triumphant bore the fight, Now chased, and trembling in ignoble flight: (These with a gathered mist Saturnia shrouds, And rolls behind the rout a heap of clouds:) Part plunge into the stream: old Xanthus roars, The flashing billows beat the whiten'd shores: With cries promiscuous all the banks resound, And here, and there, in eddies whirling round, The flouncing steeds and shrieking warriors drown'd.

Respect your fame, Respect yourselves, and learn an honest shame: Let mutual reverence mutual warmth inspire, And catch from breast to breast the noble fire, On valour's side the odds of combat lie; The brave live glorious, or lamented die; The wretch that trembles in the field of fame, Meets death, and worse than death, eternal shame." His generous sense he not in vain imparts; It sunk, and rooted in the Grecian hearts: They join, they throng, they thicken at his call, And flank the navy with a brazen wall; Shields touching shields, in order blaze above, And stop the Trojans, though impell'd by Jove.

Would the gods but breathe in all the rest Such souls as burn in your exalted breast, Soon should our arms with just success be crown'd, And Troy's proud walls lie smoking on the ground." Then to the next the general bends his course; (His heart exults, and glories in his force); There reverend Nestor ranks his Pylian bands, And with inspiring eloquence commands; With strictest order sets his train in arms, The chiefs advises, and the soldiers warms.

At once bold Teucer draws the twanging bow, And Ajax sends his javelin at the foe; Fix'd in his belt the feather'd weapon stood, And through his buckler drove the trembling wood; But Jove was present in the dire debate, To shield his offspring, and avert his fate.

The foe thrice tugg'd, and shook the rooted wood; Repulsive of his might the weapon stood: The fourth, he tries to break the spear in vain; Bent as he stands, he tumbles to the plain; His belly open'd with a ghastly wound, The reeking entrails pour upon the ground.

Did such a spirit as the gods impart Impel one Trojan hand or Trojan heart, (Such as should burn in every soul that draws The sword for glory, and his country's cause) Even yet our mutual arms we might employ, And drag yon carcase to the walls of Troy. Yet be mindful of your old renown, Your great forefathers' virtues and your own.

Perhaps Apollo shall thy arms succeed, And heaven ordains him by thy lance to bleed." So spoke the inspiring god; then took his flight, And plunged amidst the tumult of the fight. Then lift thy weapon for a noble blow, Nor fear the vaunting of a mortal foe." This said, and spirit breathed into his breast, Through the thick troops the embolden'd hero press'd: His venturous act the white-arm'd queen survey'd, And thus, assembling all the powers, she said: "Behold an action, gods! Greece with Achilles' friend should be repaid, And thus due honours purchased to his shade. Thus sheathed in arms, the council they forsake, And dark through paths oblique their progress take.

There sat the seniors of the Trojan race: (Old Priam's chiefs, and most in Priam's grace,) The king the first; Thymoetes at his side; Lampus and Clytius, long in council tried; Panthus, and

Hicetaon, once the strong; And next, the wisest of the reverend throng, Antenor grave, and sage Ucalegon, Lean'd on the walls and bask'd before the sun: Chiefs, who no more in bloody fights engage, But wise through time, and narrative with age, In summer days, like grasshoppers rejoice, A bloodless race, that send a feeble voice. Raging with grief, great Menelaus burns, And fraught with vengeance, to the victor turns: That shook the ponderous lance, in act to throw; And this stood adverse with the bended bow: Full on his breast the Trojan arrow fell, But harmless bounded from the plated steel.

Then Bathyclaeus fell beneath his rage, The only hope of Chalcon's trembling age; Wide o'er the land was stretch'd his large domain, With stately seats, and riches blest in vain: Him, bold with youth, and eager to pursue The flying Lycians, Glaucus met and slew; Pierced through the bosom with a sudden wound, He fell, and falling made the fields resound. Perhaps Apollo shall thy arms succeed, And heaven ordains him by thy lance to bleed." So spoke the inspiring god; then took his flight, And plunged amidst the tumult of the fight.

Should Troy, to bribe me, bring forth all her store, And giving thousands, offer thousands more; Should Dardan Priam, and his weeping dame, Drain their whole realm to buy one funeral flame: Their Hector on the pile they should not see, Nor rob the vultures of one limb of thee." Then thus the chief his dying accents drew: "Thy rage, implacable! The largest mantle her rich wardrobes hold, Most prized for art, and labour'd o'er with gold, Before the goddess' honour'd knees be spread, And twelve young heifers to her altars led: If so the power, atoned by fervent prayer, Our wives, our infants, and our city spare, And far avert Tydides' wasteful ire, That mows whole troops, and makes all Troy retire; Not thus Achilles taught our hosts to dread, Sprung though he was from more than mortal bed; Not thus resistless ruled the stream of fight, In rage unbounded, and unmatch'd in might." Hector obedient heard: and, with a bound, Leap'd from his trembling chariot to the ground; Through all his host inspiring force he flies, And bids the thunder of the battle rise.

My faltering knees their trembling frame desert, A pulse unusual flutters at my heart; Some strange disaster, some reverse of fate (Ye gods avert it!) threatens the Trojan state. Suppose some hero should his spoils resign, Art thou that hero, could those spoils be thine? The promise of a god I gave, and seal'd it with the almighty nod, Achilles' glory to the stars to raise; Such was our word, and fate the word obeys." The trembling queen (the almighty order given) Swift from the Idaean summit shot to heaven.

Thus sheathed in arms, the council they forsake, And dark through paths oblique their progress take.

Already thou prepar'st to fly." The Trojan chief with fix'd resentment eyed The Lycian leader, and sedate replied: "Say, is it just, my friend, that Hector's ear From such a warrior such a speech should hear?

The vigorous power the trembling car ascends: Shook by her arm, the massy javelin bends: Huge, ponderous, strong!

Let me perish on this hateful shore, And let these eyes behold my son no more; If, on thy next offence, this hand forbear To strip those arms thou ill deserv'st to wear, Expel the council where our princes meet, And send thee scoured and howling through the fleet." He said, and cowering as the dastard bends, The weighty sceptre on his bank descends. On the round bunch the bloody tumours rise: The tears spring starting from his haggard eyes; Trembling he

sat, and shrunk in abject fears, From his vile visage wiped the scalding tears; While to his neighbour each express'd his thought: "Ye gods!

Here then my anger ends: let war succeed, And even as Greece has bled, let Ilion bleed.

Fired with revenge, Polydamas drew near, And at Prothoenor shook the trembling spear; The driving javelin through his shoulder thrust, He sinks to earth, and grasps the bloody dust.

Plunged in his throat, the weapon drank his blood, And deep transpiercing through the shoulder stood; In clanging arms the hero fell and all The fields resounded with his weighty fall.

Grieved though thou art, forbear the rash design; Great Hector's arm is mightier far than thine: Even fierce Achilles learn'd its force to fear, And trembling met this dreadful son of war. Since in early bloom Thy son must fall, by too severe a doom; Sure to so short a race of glory born, Great Jove in justice should this span adorn: Honour and fame at least the thunderer owed; And ill he pays the promise of a god, If yon proud monarch thus thy son defies, Obscures my glories, and resumes my prize." Far from the deep recesses of the main, Where aged Ocean holds his watery reign, The goddess-mother heard.

Would'st thou the Greeks their lawful prey should yield, The due reward of many a well-fought field? And now had death and horror cover'd all; Like timorous flocks the Trojans in their wall Inclosed had bled: but Jove with awful sound Roll'd the big thunder o'er the vast profound: Full in Tydides' face the lightning flew; The ground before him flamed with sulphur blue; The quivering steeds fell prostrate at the sight; And Nestor's trembling hand confess'd his fright: He dropp'd the reins: and, shook with sacred dread, Thus, turning, warn'd the intrepid Diomed: "O chief!

But first, try thou my arm; and may this dart End all my country's woes, deep buried in thy heart." The weapon flew, its course unerring held, Unerring, but the heavenly shield repell'd The mortal dart; resulting with a bound From off the ringing orb, it struck the ground.

The vigorous power the trembling car ascends: Shook by her arm, the massy javelin bends: Huge, ponderous, strong!